CE $1.00

NOVEMBER 9, 1979

by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.—
E POPE, SALT, and KAHN
—see page 1452

NATIONAL REVIEW

M SMTH020E- 050 7923 - 1 52 -
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

50 Years Later:

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE GREAT CRASH

Alan Reynolds • Anthony Harrigan

68.9

October 29
1929

Also In This Issue:

CHILTON WILLIAMSON REVIEWS TOM WOLFE'S THE RIGHT STUFF
NADJA JERNAKOFF VISITS A RUSSIAN WRITER ♦ HADLEY ARKES ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-ACLU MAN ♦ PLUS EVANS, MANO, NOVAK, SIMON, SOBRAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

Unexpected taste

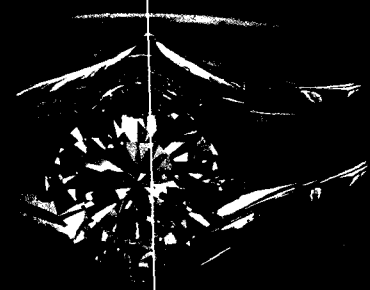
5 MG TAR

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The diamond solitaire.



A rare gift.

A one c[illegible]at diamond. Set simply and elegantly.
To [illegible]parkle on its own. Of lasting value,
because di[illegible]monds of about one carat and up are rare.
(The or[illegible] shown here is worth about $4,950.)
The diamond solitaire.
It is th[illegible] gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The one carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail.
[illegible] may change subs[illegible]tially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. DeBeers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greek Art of the Aegean Islands presented by the Greek Government at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Chermayeff & Geismar © 1979 Mobil Corporation

Nov 1 through Feb 10, 1980

The Metropolitan Museum acknowledges a grant from Mobil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

NOVEMBER 9, 1979
VOL. XXXI, No. 45
ISSN: 0028-0038

REYNOLDS
Page 1416

EVANS
Page 1434

WILLIAMSON
Page 1436

JERNAKOFF
Page 1422

NOVAK
Page 1427

HARRIGAN
Page 1432

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1414 **Power for the People**
More Nukes, Less Kooks, said one bumper sticker—and 15,000 normal-looking people seemed to agree. *Jack Kirwan*

1416 **What Do We Know about the Great Crash?**
For a generation it has been fashionable—if not imperative—to blame the plight of the Thirties on the high living of the Twenties. But the real cause of the Depression is to be found in policy decisions of the Thirties themselves. What had the Smoot-Hawley tariff to do with all this? And what did Keynes realize that the Keynesians didn't? Surprise, surprise. *Alan Reynolds*

1422 **But Leave Me Out**
Georgi Vladimov wrote a story about a dog, *Faithful Ruslan.* As a result he now lives under house arrest. *Nadja Jernakoff*

1427 **Extremism as a Virtue**
Those who don't believe in Satan can take it out on "the mad capitalist murder machine." *Michael Novak*

1432 **A Child of the Depression**
The Depression affected America's psyche even more than its economy. Rejecting radicalism, the American people showed and learned something about themselves. The South even reaped an unlooked-for benefit. *Anthony Harrigan*

1434 **Crime and Gun Control**
The 1968 Gun Control Act has weakened the law-abiding and strengthened the state without impeding the criminal. A proposed reform may change all that. *M. Stanton Evans*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1436 **The Good Stuff**
The Right Stuff proves that Tom Wolfe can be exhilarating even when he loves something—in this case, pilots and astronauts. *Chilton Williamson Jr.*

1438 **All Screwed Up**
Charles Morgan looks back on his ACLU days with delicious vindictiveness. *Hadley Arkes*

1442 **The Marxist Vulgate**
Raymond Aron explains why Marxism is both mordantly appealing to intellectuals and false. *M. Joseph Sobran*

1444 **A Crime Film That Pays**
Flawed but strong, *The Onion Field* is a tough cop's movie in more ways than one. *John Simon*

1445 **The Cold War Sound**
Rock music's New Wave has a kind of social conscience: the kind that objects to Communism. *John M. Buckley*

1447 **La Verna**
Where St. Francis received his stigmata, and the monastic life of the Middle Ages survives. *Nika Hazelton*

1447 **San Gennaro Looks upon His Festival**
. . . and entertains second thoughts about whether martyrdom is worth it. *D. Keith Mano*

1396 **Letters**
1402 **For the Record**
1404 **The Week**
1428 help
1449 **Dark Horses**
1452 **On the Right**
1454 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

© National Review, Inc., 1979.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$38.00 a year ($21.00 for the 48-page issues, and $17.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
Richard Brookhiser
James Burnham / Jeffrey Hart
M. J. Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Ruth Berenson / W. H. von Dreele
M. Stanton Evans / Neal B. Freeman
Ernest van den Haag
Norman B. Hannah / Nika Hazelton
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell / John Simon

Associates
Carol Baker
Mona Charen / Carol B. Learsy
Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker Sobran
Timothy J. Wheeler

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.
Classified Director
Ione Whitlock

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
John Chamberlain / Samuel T. Cohen
Miles Copeland / John R. Coyne Jr.
Paul Gigot / Victor Gold
John Greenway / Donald Hall
Henry Hazlitt
John Kiley / Nicholas King
Suzanne La Follette / Mary Martínez
Forrest McDonald / Vincent Miller
Ferdinand Mount / George Nash
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Daniel Oliver / Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Morrie Ryskind
Taki Theodoracopulos
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr. / George F. Will
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

*

Letters

Good News

Okay, okay, John Lukacs' ruminations about the Pope's visit ["Light from the East," Oct. 26] were very profound I'm sure. But what in *Heaven's* name is wrong with you people? The most joyous and uplifting phenomenon in a generation sweeps America and all NATIONAL REVIEW can come up with is some lugubrious reflections on the decline of civilization. John Paul himself said that he brought a message of joy.

Cheer up, will ya?

Carrie Dobro
New York, N.Y.

Bad Checks

In spite of all that has been written in *NR* and elsewhere about the snail darter and the nearly completed Tellico Dam ["Three Cheers for the Snail Darter," by James L. Buckley, Sept. 14], a more fundamental issue has hardly been touched on —the issue of the integrity of commitments.

The issues you *have* stressed—e.g., the farmland that will be flooded, the amount of power that will be generated, and who will benefit from the dam—were decided through lengthy processes years ago, when the dam was planned and approved. Since then, people have counted on the dam's being completed. Property has been bought and sold in the expectation that the government would follow through on its commitments.

Perhaps the final approval of the dam was pork-barrel politics, as some have claimed. But are decisions reached and acted upon in the past to be contemptuously trampled upon because we are more enlightened in the new age? May I stop payment on the checks I wrote yesterday because I now believe the money was not well spent?

Harold Eggers
Mountain View, Calif.

Revisionism

Mr. von Dreele's poems are great, but he should correct the one on page 1009 of the August 17 issue. It was Petersburg not Fredericksburg that Lee abandoned in early 1865 when he made his way to Appomattox to surrender.

William M. Butler
Elkin, N.C.

About That Combat Brigade

Everyone seems to be missing the point of what the Soviet troops' function is in Cuba ["Cuban Mess," Oct. 12].

Originally, of course, Soviet troops were sent there in small numbers to train the Cubans. Then, in recent years, thousands of Cuban troops, probably those deemed most loyal to Castro, were sent on expeditions to Angola, etc.

We all know that no socialist revolution has ever maintained power without considerable military force in place. Hence the shift in the purpose of the Soviets: the risk posed by the reduction in loyal troops in Cuba is readily made up with the use of organized combat units from the Soviet Union. In this way the political goals of the Soviet Union are achieved without combat exposure by Soviet troops. Their deployment is "peaceful."

Charles M. Hart
Cranford, N.J.

Who Provides the Clams?

On a local talk-show the other night I heard an interview with the current head of the Clamshell Alliance ["The Week," Aug. 31] in which he recounted his group's victories in their battles against nuclear power in general and the Seabrook reactor in particular. He talked of assembling thousands of protestors, and of hundreds of them being arrested in connection with the operations against Seabrook.

He revealed too a shift of emphasis away from harassing nuclear power installations to an attack on the capitalist system itself, and announced a Clamshell Alliance plan to "shut down" Wall Street in October of 1979.

Hearing all this I wondered, again, where these people get their money. How can all these thousands of protestors afford to take time off work and travel long distances on the spur of the moment? How did Jane Fonda's outfit manage to rig up and pay for that Washington rally on no more than two weeks' notice? Such an event requires powerful planning and coordination, and lots of bucks. How do they do it?

J. M. Preston
Springfield, Va.

Thinking about C. S. Lewis

The following comment pertains to the article by Robert De Camara ["The *New York Times* v. C. S. Lewis"] and the column by Michael Novak ["Thinking about Equality"] which appeared in the October 12 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW:

Another reason why the critics at the *New York Times* are out to get C. S. Lewis is that he was an open opponent of what Michael Novak referred to in his column as the new (read: heretical) reli-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UN MOMENT DE MARTELL

80 PROOF IMPORTED BY THE JOS GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

DINNER IS OVER, BUT THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG.

WHAT BETTER TIME TO EXPERIENCE THE WORLD'S FINEST COGNAC—MARTELL.

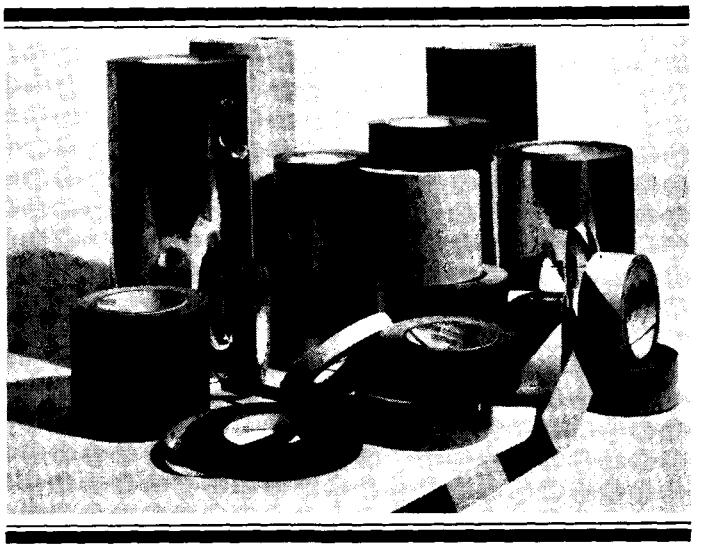
AFTER ALL, MARTELL COGNAC HAS HELPED MAKE EVENINGS MEMORABLE SINCE 1715.

MARTELL V.S.P., V.S.O.P., AND CORDON BLEU.

MARTELL COGNAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to compete, Brady style



We're among the first to protest the government-mandated maze of regulations which dam the wellsprings of freedom and seek to substitute reams of rules for human judgment. But we still manage to run our business in unusual ways.

For example, Brady's Technicote Division takes foil, film, paper, cloth, and other materials and treats them with chemicals and coatings and then applies adhesives to them. OEM customers for this service may possibly make an end product for these materials that could be very much like one produced by another Brady division which also buys the identical base materials from Technicote. Risky? Sure it is. But risk is what freedom is all about.

Technicote will provide custom coating of a customer's own product or create a completely custom-made product to meet exacting customer requirements. Just one of many innovative Brady services for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady...perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-11

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

gious doctrine of equality. In his book *Letters to Malcolm*, Lewis wrote: "It takes all sorts to make a world; or a church. This may be even truer of a church. If grace perfects nature it must expand all our natures into the full richness of the diversity which God intended when He made them, and Heaven will display far more variety than Hell."

Fred R. Glahe
Boulder, Colo.

Congratulations to Mr. De Camara for his energetic and knowledgeable defense of C. S. Lewis against the slanders of the increasingly bigoted and dishonest *New York Times*. But let us not leave it undecided whether Lewis consummated his marriage, else the "liberal" atheists will murmur, as they love to do, that his religion was an expression of erotic difficulties, or some like inanity. In the journal in which he recorded his grief at the death of his wife, and which was published under a pseudonym as *A Grief Observed*, there are plain passages which leave no grain of doubt that the marriage was indeed consummated.

There is only one error in the entire article: namely that Joy Davidman was bedridden when Lewis married her. Actually, though she had increasing difficulty walking, she was only very infrequently bedridden throughout the course of their marriage.

Wesley Fultz
Boston, Mass.

Telling Jesse Where to Go

The Reverend Jesse Jackson ["Sing Along with Yasir," Oct. 12] could win the Pope's gratitude as well as ours by traveling to Eastern Europe where Poland and other USSR-occupied nations still struggle against Communist imperialism, repression, and exploitation. Jesse could pray for an end to police-state force and terrorism. He could support a "liberation army" in solidarity against colonialism. He could teach the enslaved people of Eastern Europe to sing "We Shall Overcome."

Mimi Jaffe
Chicago, Ill.

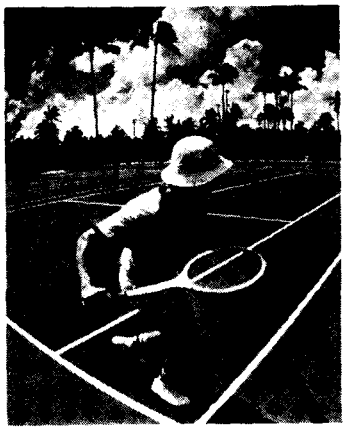
To the Barricades

The column "Brezhnev's Shortening Span" by Brian Crozier [Sept. 14] prompts me to crystallize a different theory pertinent to his opening question: "Are we nearer to another war?" Not coincidentally, the scenario I envision is supported indirectly by at least three other articles in the same issue—viz., "The Death of Marxist Ideology" by Thomas Molnar, "Right Turn for Europe" by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, and "Know Thy Enemy" by S. T. Cohen.

Whereas Crozier postulates for next year certain purely political moves by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND IN FLORIDA



A holiday setting of untamed beauty just 18 minutes by car from Miami Airport.

Beautiful Key Biscayne. As unspoiled a vacation island as you've ever seen. On its shore, a vacation resort as superb as its setting, at low summer rates now through December 16th. Far away in feeling, yet just a short causeway drive from Miami.

You'll find miles of wild beaches. White sands. Blue seas. Walking trails. Two swimming pools. Ten cushion-surface tennis courts. Championship golf five minutes away. International cuisine. Luxurious rooms with two double beds, private terraces, ocean views. And all the amusements of Miami close at hand whenever you want them.

See your travel agent. Or call toll-free

800-325-3535.

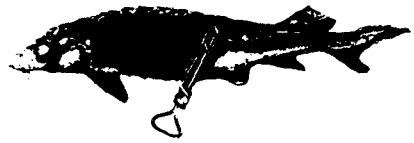
ROYAL BISCAYNE

BEACH HOTEL & RACQUET CLUB · 555 OCEAN DRIVE, KEY BISCAYNE
A SHERATON RESORT HOTEL A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

aging Soviet leader (based upon Carter's curtain call and increasing anti-Communist enlightenment elsewhere in the West), my game plan, were I the Comintern choreographer, would be a high-stakes showdown—*soon*. In other words, the timing and force structures are becoming most appropriate for conventional, combined with chemical/biological, attack against Western Europe and, simultaneously, highly selective nuclear strikes at the U.S. and the Mideast. Brezhnev's age, I believe, is irrelevant in this scenario.

Alternatively, considering the Soviets' advantages in such fields as military strength, psychological factors, and civil defense, we also might expect them, notwithstanding their control of numerous regional military clients and terrorist groups, to exercise the more humane (as well as self-serving) option of "peaceful" showdown by diplomatic blackmail.

In either case (or some combination thereof), convulsive but quick capitulation by an already weak and disjointed Western leadership, probably via the UN, would be the anticipated result. For the past few years, despite broadening attention to the folly of detente, SALT, and the rapidly weakening security of the U.S. and the Free World, most of our planners,



PUT OUR "BOTTOM OF THE BARREL" CAVIAR AT THE TOP OF YOUR LIST

Let us tell you a secret of the caviar business that will save you nearly 60% of the cost of the unique, genuine Caspian product.

The beautiful black eggs of Russian Beluga Caviar are frequently broken at the bottom of the barrel. This is the caviar that we pack under the Kamchatka label. It may not look quite as pretty as the whole grain caviar, and it doesn't crunch as well. But for splendid flavor it will match ANYTHING YOU CAN BUY AT 4 TIMES THE PRICE.

A case of twelve one ounce jars is a bargain at $50. That includes shipment anywhere in the U.S. or you can order a sampler pack of 3 jars for $13.95 postpaid.

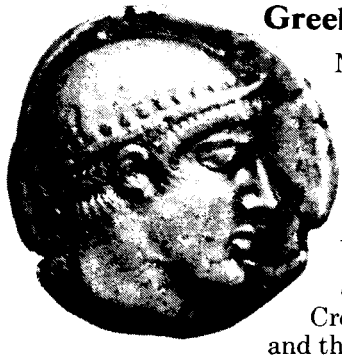
Join the thousands of satisfied customers who save substantially when purchasing the Kamchatka label. If not fully satisfied, we will make full refund for the unused jars. A catalog with many wonderful delicacies & gift ideas all at discounted prices, will be enclosed with every order.

SEND YOUR CHECK TO

Caviarteria INC
CAVIAR CENTER USA
870 Madison Ave. NY 10021 Imp. 51A
PHONE ORDERS (212) 861-1210

AN EXPEDITION TO THE DAWN

Olympic announces a personal, private study of the Greek civilization, 3000 BC to 400 BC.



Now you can see Greece with some of the people who uncovered ancient Greece. With eminent archaeologists and historians who can give you a perspective few Americans have ever enjoyed.

This unique 2-week *Expedition To The Dawn*—an Olympic Airways exclusive—includes Athens with viewings of private art collections; Delphi; a sojourn on the Isle of Crete with visits to fabled Knossos and Phaestos; and the classical Peloponnese region delving into Bassae, Methoni, Tiryns, Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Mystra and Olympia.

A shortened weekend-to-weekend version of the program is also available. Plus a 7-day extension to Egypt.

Program offers expert guides, lectures, First Class hotels, most meals, transfers, other extras. Selected Friday departures via 747 on Olympic —the nonstop airline to Greece with one less seat per row. Call your travel agent or Olympic Airways today.

Come with us to the sunrise of time.

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS
Olympic Airways Marketing Dept.
647 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please send full color brochure.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Travel Agent NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gamesmen, and pundits who deal in such theories have, surprisingly, warned almost exclusively of the "ominous Soviet threat of the mid-1980s."

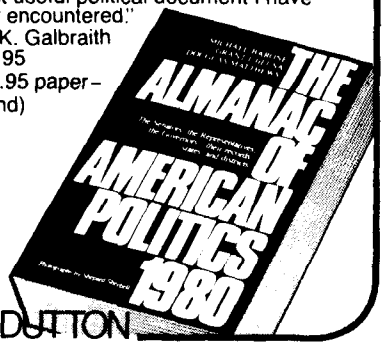
Frank M. Kellam Jr.
Clayton, Mo.

Correction

With reference to John A. Davenport's review of Robert Morris' book, *Self-Destruct* [Oct. 12], let it be noted that Morris was never President of the University of Texas. He was, from 1960 to 1962, President of the University of *Dallas* and largely responsible for that institution's identification with the conservative cause in those days.

James Maney
Boynton Beach, Fla.

"INDISPENSABLE"
—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
New, revised for 1980 campaign—"the single most useful political document I have ever encountered."
—J.K. Galbraith
$19.95
($10.95 paper-bound)



DUTTON

Trojan Horse

Laurence Beilenson's piece "Remember the Hivites" [Oct. 12] was fine, but his biblical reference (and hence his title) was taken out of context.

The sons of Jacob did not violate a treaty to punish their sister's rapist. The "treaty" and the subsequent attack were stratagems to rescue the still-held Dinah, for afterward they took her from King Shechem's house (Gen. 34:26). Thus the "agreement" was made under duress.

If Beilenson wants a biblical reference for his thesis, there are plenty of them (I Kings 15: 19-20; Jeremiah 37: 7; Hosea 14: 4; etc.), but this isn't one. Forget about the Hivites.

L. Brown
Baltimore, Md.

Johnny-Come-Lately

Very rarely do I find anything in NATIONAL REVIEW to complain about. But one sentence in Cato's August 3 "Letter from Washington" sent me right to the ceiling.

Cato describes former Virginia Governor Mills Godwin as "a former Democrat and father of the conservative coalition that has monopolized state offices [in Virginia] for a decade."

Let me set the record straight. Mill Godwin is a lucky beneficiary of the brilliant Virginia Republican Party organization, and not, by any means, its architect. That revered man is the late Richard D. Obenshain, killed last year in a plane crash, in the midst of what looked like a successful Senate campaign.

In 1972, Obenshain asked Mills Godwin, then a Democrat, to switch to the Republican side and run for governor. Godwin, happy to be included, ran and defeated Henry Howell ("Howlin' Henry") by only 15,000 votes. Virginia's Republican organization (brainchild of Dick Obenshain) helped in that close race. Obviously Godwin could not have built that organization, in such a short time—it had been intact since our 1969 victory in the gubernatorial race. Godwin (although generally loyal to the party) is undeniably a johnny-come-lately.

His support of Connally is not surprising to the true conservatives in Virginia. Shall we say, "Oh, Mills, we've seen it all before"? In 1976, Godwin led a minority of Virginia delegates in Kansas City into the Ford camp. By endorsing Connally, he again withholds support for Reagan and opts for a man who, like himself, deserted the Democratic Party to rise in the political world.

Connally is an opportunist, and Cato's reference to the impending New York actions of Richard Rosenbaum proves that conclusively.

I think Reagan is doing far better than most people think. The polls say so, but most of the press does not. Even Jimmy Carter expects his opponent to be Ronald Reagan.

No matter. When Reagan comes out running hard and strong this fall I think Big John is in for a big surprise. Dick Obenshain would have loved it. I just wish he could have been here to see it.

Kevin B. Dwyer
Lexington, Va.

In Defense of the New

In regard to the paragraph in "The Week" [Oct. 12] concerning the Denver convention of the Episcopal Church, I would like—as one of the people in the pews who do believe in the "traditional" doctrines of the church but who support the "new" prayer book to the hilt—to offer a few observations:

1. The form of the new book, except in language, is *very* traditional, Catholic if you will.

2. It does not surprise me that advo-

"It has always been my style to put the cards on the table."

WITH NO APOLOGIES

The Personal and Political Memoirs of United States Senator
BARRY M. GOLDWATER

With great insight and integrity, the voice of America's conservative conscience opens his "private files"—offering his uncompromising views on major foreign and domestic policies from the arms race to taxation and social legislation, candid new appraisals of every president from Truman to Carter, and the undeniable truth about our times, our mistakes, and what we—as a nation—must do to survive.

"Required reading for those who want to know the inner workings of the political world."—*Ronald Reagan*

$12.95

A Main Selection of the Conservative Book Club

William Morrow
105 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ates of the Latin Mass would oppose modern English in a service. To me the incarnation of our Lord is the ultimate mystery; why burden people with an English that is as "dead" as Latin is? Although very beautiful, the language, concepts, and service of the '28 book are hard to follow and understand. The Lord, Christ, does not sanction confusion. He spoke to the people on their level, with their language, and his twentieth century Church must do the same.

3. I wish my favorite magazine would stop telling the Episcopal Church what to do. We have a great and holy Church of Christ, so please leave us who love both books, but prefer the new one, alone. We are just as good Episcopalians, we worship the same God, and risen Lord.

4. Salvation comes through our Lord Christ, not a prayer book, a doctrine, or a group of ideas. We are saved by God's grace alone.

Now that *NR* has finally seen the light on ecology, when will you see the light on this subject?

Douglas Conder
Globe, Ariz.

Wash Away My Troubles

I quote from a national journal of opinion, issue of August 12, 1969: "Does it matter, on the issue of Senator Kennedy's future, which theory of what actually happened during those ten hours of July 18/19 you accept as your own? No one in the possession of his senses can believe either of the two (contradictory) accounts Senator Kennedy has given. There will doubtless be other accounts; possibly though not very probably the full truth will some day leak through."

Well, it's ten years later and there have been no other accounts from Senator Kennedy, nor has the full truth leaked through. The quote continues: ". . . What we want to know is the judgment rendered by the leaders and formers of opinion, who are usually so quick and voluble in their moral pronouncements about everything. . . . Right now it is not Senator Kennedy who is being tested . . . it is the nation's public leaders. . . . How many of them have the courage to tell it the way it is . . . to declare simply and flatly: Edward M. Kennedy is, on this showing Chappaquiddick] not fit to contend for the Presidency of the United States?"

The above quotes and the entire piece from which they are excerpted are just as valid and relevant today as they were the day they first appeared in, of course, NATIONAL REVIEW ["Massachusetts Soap Opera," Aug. 12, 1969].

How then can Mr. Buckley suggest that we forget about Chappaquiddick? ["On the Right," Aug. 3.]

William E. Bindy
New York, N.Y.

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics

The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

Distinguished scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. Essays by Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Introduction by R. M. Hartwell. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50

Can Capitalism Survive?

By Benjamin A. Rogge

Penetrating, witty, and wise prescriptions for our day. Rogge is Distinguished Professor of Political Economy at Wabash College. "Provocative" —*Library Journal*. "Delightful"—*Personal Finance*. "Well-reasoned, gracefully written, and gently humorous"—*National Review*. Hardcover $9.00, Paperback $3.50

Free and Unequal

By Roger J. Williams

One of the world's leading biochemists presents the evidence that no two human beings are ever born alike, nor do they become alike. A persuasive argument for human liberty, free of scientific jargon. "Eminently humane and he makes his principal points powerfully"—Ashley Montagu in the *New York Times*. Hardcover $8.00, Paperback $3.50.

E Pluribus Unum
The Formation of the American Republic 1776-1790

By Forrest McDonald

Having won their independence from England, the American colonies faced a new question of paramount importance: Would this be politically one nation, or would it not? *E Pluribus Unum* is a provocative and spirited look at how that question came to be answered. "Fresh, vivid, and penetrating"—*New York Times Book Review*. "Original and stimulating" —*American Historical Review*. Hardcover $8.00, Paperback $3.50.

Reflections on History

By Jacob Burckhardt

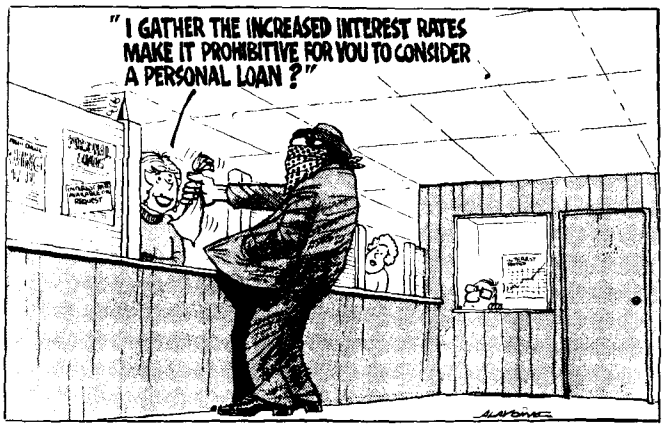
Thought-provoking essays by the Swiss historian and humanist who foresaw the coming of collectivism. "One of the most original minds of the nineteenth century"—*American Historical Review*. "A guided tour through the history of civilization"—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order these books, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. C15
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ It's **Carter** *v.* **Kennedy**; it's going to be bloody. With Carter improving in the polls, **Democratic leaders** believe the race for the nomination will be poor, brutish, nasty, and long. The only possible way a bloodbath can be avoided is if Carter suffers a string of early primary defeats and then decides to step down, but "that is not the way it's going to be," says a Democratic official. . . . *Christian Science Monitor* survey of Democratic Party leaders concludes: there is no stampede away from Carter yet, but a steady erosion is taking place. **Carter strategists** are all but conceding Kennedy the Northeast, but expect to beat him in the South. But South isn't solid for Carter; he's especially vulnerable to Kennedy in Kentucky and the other Border States. Carter has to sweep the South to have any chance at all. . . . Kennedy is far ahead in the West. California pollster **Hugh Schwartz** says that as things look now, if Carter runs a good campaign in California, he'll get no more than 25 per cent of the vote. . . . Carter pollster **Pat Caddell**, who has roots in Kennedy country, predicts a "titanic struggle," with urban, Catholic North pitted against rural, Protestant South. Other pollsters aren't as apocalyptic, but they agree with Caddell on one thing: **Chappaquiddick** is definitely an issue. . . . Carter campaign has two big assets: incumbency and **Robert Strauss**. "Based on the amount of money President Carter poured into Florida," cracked New York City Council President **Carol Bellamy**, "if we moved up the state primary we could solve New York City's fiscal crisis." Strauss, former chairman of the Democratic Party and possibly the savviest Democrat of them all, wasn't among seven thousand invited to dedication of **JFK** library in Boston and because of that snub, says **David Broder**, Strauss is now a Kennedy antagonist.

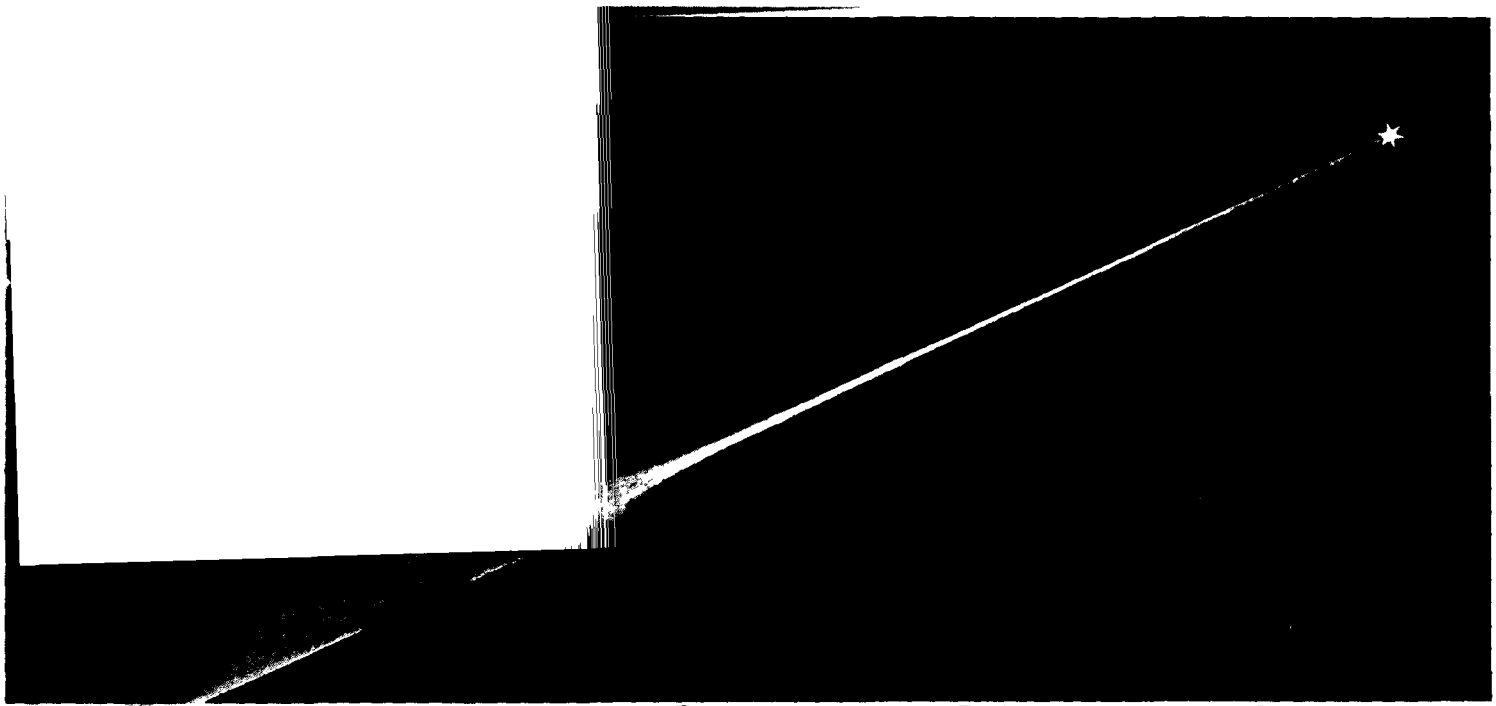


Alevoine, *The Citizen* — Rothco

■ Carter's efforts to link passage of SALT with survival of NATO have come under attack in both U.S. and Europe. Sen. **Sam Nunn**, still undecided on SALT, dismissed Administration's claims that Senate defeat of SALT might prompt European allies to refuse a new generation of nuclear weapons. "If the Europeans are concerned about their own security," Nunn says, "the modernization of theater nuclear forces will go on regardless of what happens to the SALT treaty." European failure to modernize, Nunn added, could prompt the U.S. to re-assess its role in NATO. . . . Prodded by **Franz Ludwig Stauffenberg**, conservative member of West German parliament, Bonn has quietly released statement "that there is no reason whatever to link the loyalty of members in NATO, and especially the Federal Republic of Germany, to the SALT ratification." . . . Kremlin is pulling out all the stops in drive to prevent NATO from modernizing its theater nuclear weapons. London *Sunday Telegraph* reports that the head of Kremlin's campaign is **Valentin Mikhailovich Falin**, first deputy head of the USSR's newly created International Information Department. Before assuming the post, Falin served seven years as Soviet ambassador to West Germany.

■ **Vietnamese** pledge not to invade Thailand isn't taken seriously in Asia. Some 200,000 Vietnamese are pushing toward the Thai Cambodian border in attempt to crush remnants of **Pol Pot** troops. . . . While U.S. isn't expected to give Thailand anything but moral support, **China** is considered willing to do much more. It hasn't ruled out administering "another lesson" to Vietnam. . . . **Soviet** failure to come to Vietnam's defense during China's spring lesson has earned the Soviets the label of "paper polar bear." . . . Soviet press is calling for increased efforts to stamp out a threat to Communist ideology: religion. Article in *Moscow Pravda* accused the **Russian church** of trying to reverse the "irreversible" decay in religion by corrupting the younger generation with religious ideas. Noting that many young boys and girls are wearing religious crosses and participating in religious ceremonies, the paper declares: "Such flirtation with religion and with God, and fascination with religious ritual, is not an innocent thing. The younger generation must be protected from religious influence. And an engineer has informed *Pravda* of his shock at seeing a cross not on the "wrinkled neck of an old woman, but on the chests of sturdy fellows" striding along the beaches of the **Black Sea**.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

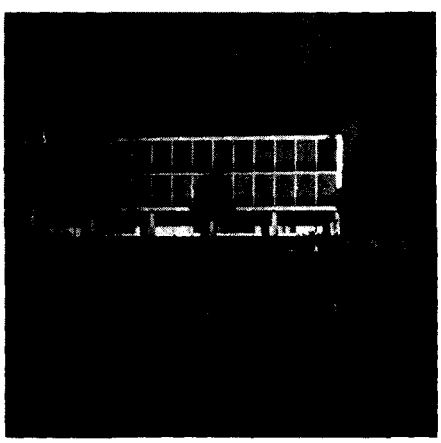
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.



For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ It now turns out that President Dwight David Eisenhower had a secret taping system in the Oval Office. On a transcript of one tape, Ike is denouncing . . . Nixon, who is herewith awarded the Gold Tape Recorder for 1979.

■ After whatever it was that happened in Florida, a great deal of pooh-poohing went on, but something did indeed happen, and Republicans should be enjoying it. Both Carter and Kennedy backers turned the Florida caucus voting into a political event. As it turned out, the Carterites beat the Kennedyites 2 to 1. Each candidate, in effect, wounded the other. Carter showed that Kennedy is vincible. Kennedy showed that Carter no longer owns the South. Onward, boys, and downward.

■ The Kennedy family (Scotch whisky, real estate) and the Carter family (peanuts, petroleum) gathered in Boston (race riots, corruption) last week to dedicate the Kennedy Library (JFK, RFK, King James Version) with speeches, kisses, poetry, earnest calls for moral idealism, brave appeals for sacrifice, passionate concern for the peasants and the proletarians, renewed devotion to the American Dream, proud reminiscences of that little band of patriots who forged our legends in Palm Beach, solemn pledges to keep the faith, and . . . there was something else . . . but it just slipped the mind, carried away as one was with the spiritual beauty of the moment.

■ This year's winners of the Nobel Prize in economics are Professor Theodore W. Schultz of the University of Chicago and Sir Arthur Lewis of Princeton. Neither gentleman may be confidently described as having made any major contribution to economic science; rather, they have been studying political programs for developing the underdeveloped countries; and, since Sir Arthur thinks a country without an agricultural base can be forcibly industrialized and Professor Schultz most strenuously disagrees, the awards have no programmatic meaning at all. One is reminded of the 1974 awards, which went to the eminent socialist Gunnar Myrdal and the eminent anti-socialist Friedrich von Hayek; and of Milton Friedman's first response to the news that he had copped the award in 1976, "I'm less interested in the opinion of seven Swedish socialists than I am in the judgment of my colleagues within the profession." Lindley Clark Jr., writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, concludes that the Nobel Prize in economics should be abolished. The editors of *NR* announce, gratefully, that they have nominated Clark for the 1980 prize.

■ Peter Grace, President and Chief Executive Officer of W. R. Grace & Co., took a look at IRS data and discovered that the rich would pay more in taxes if the maximum tax rate was reduced from 70 per cent to 50 per cent. The super rates raise only $1.7 billion a year in revenues—enough to run the federal government for 1.7 days—and discourage productive activities and investments that would add to the growth of the economy. For example, the high rates force investors into tax shelters where they accept low rates of return in order to avoid high rates of tax. Lowering the rates makes it profitable for them to switch their assets into productive investments that would spur the economy and produce more tax revenues. It only takes GNP growth of one-half of 1 per cent to recoup the $1.7 billion. Everything over that is new gravy.

■ Some years ago, judicial entrail-readers decided that what Boston needed—well, not needed, exactly, but ought to get—was busing. The cross-district racial kind. So Boston got busing. After five years of it, public school enrollment has plunged from 90,000 to 63,000. Black and white kids are carving each other up; one black youth was paralyzed by a bullet in the neck while practicing with his school football team. Racial animosities are generally higher, even among adults, than in the days before busing was prescribed as the antidote for racism. Oh yes, scholastic performance has declined. In the old days, the people of Massachusetts were famous for taking their civic problems to town-meetings or City Hall. That was called self-government, and the entrail-readers have found it to be in partial violation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

■ Now it's official. Ms. Patricia Harris, Secretary of Health, Wealth, Poverty, Rags & Riches, Goody Two-Shoes, and about 213,000 federal employees, has announced that there are 25 million "poor" in this country. At the same time, the statistics on governmental finance show that our total spending on various programs to subsidize various groups is running at the rate of about $600 billion a year. That's about $24,000 a year for each poor person. If the money taken from taxpayers were given to the poor, the "problem of poverty" would be solved. And Ms. Harris would be out of a job.

■ It is now one year since Michigan voters approved the "Headlee Amendment," adding Michigan to the growing list of states that have adopted constitutional amendments to restrict and control the growth of total governmental expenditures. State Budget Director Gerald Miller, who didn't go all-out for the proposal a year ago, has now seen it in action and has begun to carry the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We might not have believed it if we hadn't seen it with our own eyes, but there is a wave of pro-business sentiment sweeping over the capital. From the most unexpected sources flow puffy "studies" about subjects all but unknown here only a few years ago—subjects such as productivity and incentives and saving and return on investment.

Part of the change is taking place on the Hill, where, in some ways, we see a return to the style of the Fifties, when discussions of jobs and enlarged tax bases took precedence over social schemes. Another surprise is the paper output of the think-tanks, as the parking places for unemployed bureaucrats are designated. Over the past generation, a certain pattern was firmly established: during Republican Administrations, these Democrats-in-exile would crank out garden-variety liberal proposals, intending thereby to tug GOP policymakers a few degrees to the left. When the Democrats returned to office, the think-tanks would slip-slide even further to the left, offering protective cover to a "centrist" Administration. Whichever party controlled the Executive Branch, however, the think-tanks effectively controlled the agenda of government.

As the Congress and the think-tanks have begun to swing in the direction of fiscal sanity, so too have the major journalistic organs. Working journalists here are perhaps the most conspicuous victims of information overload, and they are shifting slowly but irreversibly from retail news-gathering to wholesale information ingestion. The practical reality for senior journalists is that they cannot begin to cover all the important press briefings in their field. They cannot begin to read all the significant papers. They cannot begin to know on an informal basis all the power players in their corner of the federal Establishment. These days they must rely not on sources but on gurus—men and women around town who claim access to primary sources and have mastered the unbreakable jargon-code in which political decisions are masked from voters and taxpayers. Most of these gurus are affiliated in some fashion with the think-tanks, and thus the circle is closed. The think-tanks feed the journalists, who then produce words and pictures that "inform" the politicians. Alternatively, the think-tanks feed the politicians, who then give the "news" to the journalists.

But what explains the current change in rhetorical styles, from standard-brand statism to creeping capitalism? The answer to that question requires book-length examination, but perhaps we can begin the inquiry with these observations:

1. Washington-style liberalism is not just bankrupt—at the moment it's *unfashionable*. In a shot heard almost around the corner, the *Washington Post* last month launched its counterattack against the upstart *Washington Star*, winner of last summer's Doonesbury war. The *Post* has introduced a new homespun comic strip, "Dupont Circle," which, while clever, is basically a one-joke concept. Every day the joke is on an empty-headed Washington liberal.

2. Think-tank analysts, slavishly devoted to the tyranny of data, spend a great deal of time extrapolating hard (if not necessarily accurate) data out to projected (and sometimes wildly unpredictable) "futures." The consensus of the analytical community, for what it's worth, is that the trend lines point unambiguously to the end of the American empire. Concerns about national security are central to these analyses, despite the blather from the Administration on SALT II. Short of a quick-fix military strategy by a new President in January 1981, there are precious few options left open. One of them is to use the legendary American economic machine as an instrument of national policy, forcing open new markets, maintaining a "presence," and building up our influence around the world. (The principal question remains unaddressed: Have these think-tankers so damaged the machine in previous incarnations as to render it incapable of heroic response?)

3. Most of the problems that once engaged the liberal coalition have disappeared. Take unemployment, for example. During the Seventies—despite the efforts of liberals to institutionalize the problem—the U.S. economy produced ten million new jobs. In doing so, it virtually wiped out unemployment, at least in the Depression sense of the word—an able-bodied head of household unable to find work.

4. According to an excellent series in the *Wall Street Journal*, blacks and Hispanics, the traditional victims of liberal altruism, are betting on business rather than government. They have concluded that over the long haul a job can do more for them than unemployment (and other) benefits. And when our oppressed peoples opt for the paycheck over the welfare check, a cold breeze blows through the think-tanks of Washington. —CATO

---

message of its virtues to other states. State spending has been placed under control. State and local governmental units, instead of ganging up on the taxpayer, have begun to argue amongst themselves about the virtue and necessity of any given expenditure—which is to say, the political process is being used to allocate tax revenues rather than balloon them. Says Miller, "The basic thing is that it is good public policy; it already has had a dampening effect on the level of state spending and it has lowered expectations of what government will do." Headlee, an insurance executive and an effective speaker, is much in demand throughout the country as the tax-limitation movement gains momentum at the state level.

■ In the late 1960s the amount of "Euro dollars" grew from about $10 billion to $38 billion. (Euro dollars are dollar credits, extended by European banks, based on fractional reserves of dollar-claims against U.S. issuers.) Since 1970 the sum of Euro dollars has grown to unimaginable heights—$700 billion, according to some estimates. As the dollar loses its exchange value, the value of the dollar-reserves held by foreign banks is gutted, and the underpinning of the dollar-credits fades away. Other currencies, notably the German Mark, are supplanting the dollar as a banking reserve. The dubious situation of the "dollar overhang" remains to be solved, sooner or later, and there are really only two ways to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

go: 1) deflation, or 2) return to the gold standard at some gold price that "ratifies" the current supply of dollars. Smart money, the kind that can see ahead for ten or twenty years, is betting on a gold standard, based on an official price of $500 to $1,000 an ounce. It is noteworthy that this problem is not addressed by the policies announced by Federal Reserve Board Chairman Volcker on Saturday, October 6.

■ They're smoking grass at Seabrook, but, meanwhile, the Soviet nuclear power program proceeds apace. In a major development, Soviet scientists recently announced the completion of a gigantic atomic particle accelerator, designed to set off nuclear fusion reactions by firing electron beams at hydrogen pellets. In five years, the Soviets hope to have generated a controlled fusion reaction (America's fusion-power accelerator, at Sandia Laboratories in New Mexico, is slated to start operating in 1980). The Soviets have overcome technological backwardness—as they do in all matters relating to national interests—by ferocious devotion to goals. Maybe Jane and Tom and Jerry can have their next rally in Irkutsk.

■ The West Germans had the fright of their lives last week when Hua Guofeng came to call. In Paris, Hua had said some, ahem, truthful things about you-know-who, and the Germans were terrified that he might do likewise in Bonn. "We're not getting involved in the dispute between the Soviet Union and China," said Chancellor Schmidt. But, sure enough, Hua rose at a state dinner to denounce Soviet "hegemonism." When Helmut Schmidt's turn came, he rose, bowed East, and announced that "we are attempting to learn from the experience of two world wars. Therefore, the foreign policy of my country is primarily, and before all other things, a policy of peace." We hereby tap Mr. Schmidt on the shoulder to remind him that the most important lesson *we* learned from two world wars is that appeasement won't work.

■ Airsick Bag Department, courtesy of Bonn, West Germany. In August, a Soviet canoeist, Vladislavas Cesiunas, a three-time world champion, defected to West Germany and announced it as his intention to write memoirs "exposing the true face of Soviet sports." On September 13, a few weeks after he had begun German lessons at the Goethe Institute, he disappeared, only to re-surface a few weeks later at a Soviet "hospital" in Lithuania. TASS reported that Mr. Cesiunas had "managed to return home with the assistance of Soviet officials." The incident reportedly puzzled Helmut Schmidt.

■ The Caribbean. Ninety miles from Florida. For years, the Marines collected its taxes, deposed improvident dictators, installed frugal ones. Then Dr. Fidel Castro took over Cuba, and turned out to be a Communist. An aberration, Washington said, won't happen again. Then a few years later, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, a Marxist-Leninist, looked ready to take over Guyana. We eased in Forbes Burnham, who turned out to be another Marxist-Leninist. Another aberration. Now the aberrations cluster thick and fast. The pro-Communist New Jewel movement pulls off a coup in Grenada. Jamaica's Michael Manley speaks of Castro in terms that would embarrass Andrew Young. Ditto Panama's Omar Torrijos. Nicaragua's new junta boasts two Marxists. El Salvador has undergone a coup of as-yet-uncertain complexion. The tom-toms are already beating for Guatemala. Zero miles from Mexico.

■ Jane Fonda is on the road. Antinukeniks are storming nuclear installations from Seabrook to shining sea. What is the Department of Energy doing about it? Announcing the discovery of a vast new untapped source of energy, with reserves equivalent to a quarter-trillion barrels of oil: peat. Ireland and the Soviet Union use peat as fuel, and so can we. Ten billion a year for these clowns and they tell us to burn swamps.

■ Military notes. It is revealed that in 1950, the army sprayed San Francisco with bacteria as an experiment. So that explains it.

Republican Contenders

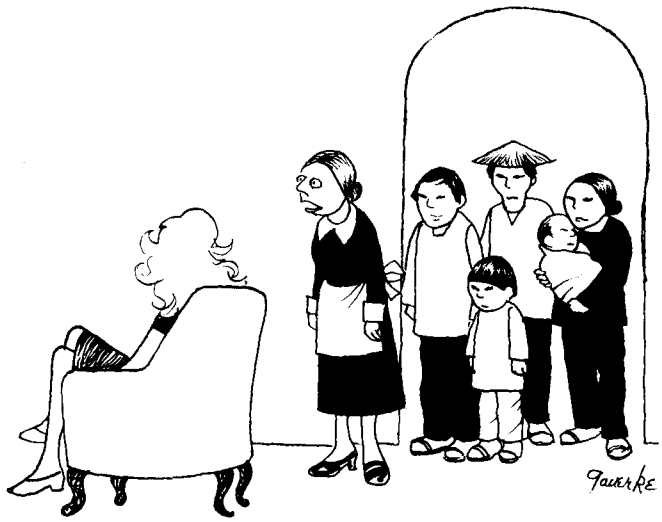
I. Connally

John Connally's Mideast peace plan has earned him a terrible roasting. The *New York Times* calls his proposal "wicked." *The New Republic* calls it "sleazy" and "tawdry" and refers it to Connally's basically crooked character. Even George Will seems riled, saying that Connally's "anti-Israel policy" is "extreme, reckless, and self-defeating." Others talk of "selling out" to "Arab blackmail."

We submit: none of the above. There is nothing radical in basing Mideast policy on the essential terms of UN Resolution 242, whereby 1967 borders would be restored and guaranteed. Whether the policy could be carried out is arguable. Indeed, it is certainly possible to question the feasibility of stationing 25,000 American troops along Israel's borders, but it is hardly credible to call such a proposed policy a sellout of Israel. After all, Connally has proposed an American *guarantee* of the existence of Israel. *That*, supposedly, is what American sympathy for Israel has been *about*: the existence of Israel. Connally merely suggests that the U.S. not ratify the Begin conception of a greater Israel including lands seized in 1967.

But after all Connally is not wielding the power of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I don't know how they made it to Malibu, Ms. Fonda, but they'd like to be put up here for a while."

the Oval Office; he is seeking it. More specifically, he is trying to pull ahead of the pack that is trailing Ronald Reagan for the Republican nomination. A renegade Democrat without a base in the Republican Party, held in suspicion by substantial portions of both parties, he needs attention. Recent campaign history shows that in a crowded primary field it is the polarizing candidate who has the edge. Reagan, who made the best Republican campaign speeches of 1964, 1968, and 1976, and will start doing it again on November 13, does not need to attract attention. Connally now seeks to make his appeal as the Man Who Can Get Us Oil, the man of boldness and decision. His peace plan is therefore best understood for the present not as foreign policy but as political gesture.

Coming at this point, the outrage Connally has stirred may even help him. His references to the necessity of rising above "domestic politics" subtly transmute his image as a tool of special interests, making him seem statesmanlike—the more so, perhaps, as they evoke exaggerated denunciation.

John Connally is a dramatic, risk-taking politician. In his Mideast speech, he deliberately slammed into the conventions of American political discourse, and he can be counted upon to do so again. At this stage of the contest, moreover, poll standings are less important than money. When Connally begins to move in earnest, he will have plenty of that—more than Reagan, more than Kennedy, more than the President. He has already raised some $4 million, and you are going to hear a lot more from him.

II. Reagan

On November 13, former Governor Ronald Reagan will announce his candidacy in a nationally televised address. Thus far, Reagan has sought a low profile and concentrated on organization and fund-raising; but, according to reports now reaching *NR*, Reagan's November 13 speech will be anything but low-profile. Like Connally with his speech on the Mideast, Reagan will create excitement and headlines and controversy, and, if what we hear is true, he will change the thrust of Republican politics.

On November 13, we understand, Reagan will embrace the idea of a major tax cut to stimulate the economy by stimulating investment and production. This will be a radical departure both for Reagan and for the Republicans. Heretofore, Republicans have characteristically talked of cutting the federal budget, cutting programs, raising interest rates, and the like. We would have to tighten our belts and cut back to achieve economic health.

The idea of a major tax cut proceeds from a less puritanical set of assumptions. It assumes that we can produce our way out of inflation, if we increase the private sector relative to the public sector. It does not talk about cutbacks and belt-tightening, and it is not selling recession as a cure for inflation.

Old-fashioned high-and-dry Republican economics had no appeal to blue-collar workers and union members whose jobs were being ticketed as the price for economic health. A supply-side economics of expansionism and jobs would have a broad appeal among just those constituencies where Hoover-Taft Republicanism has always been weakest.

If Reagan adopts this strategy, and we understand that he will do so, he will have in hand the possibility of a double strategy for the general election. Reagan would run strongly in the South and West against any Democratic candidate. But a supply-side economic approach would give him an opening to the normally Democratic working-class constituencies in the older industrial states. On November 13, the GOP may close its Calvin's *Institutes* and open its Arthur Laffer.

NATO Missiles and SALT

The so-called "tactical" missiles in the Soviet Union's nuclear quiver, while incapable of flattening Des Moines, would do very nicely against Venice or London. Accordingly, the Defense Department has offered to station 572 missiles—108 Pershing II mobile surface-to-surface missiles and 464 long-range cruises—in Western Europe to counteract them. American diplomats have been selling the scheme to NATO as a necessary prelude to SALT III—the Soviet Union will have no incentive to negotiate the nuclear balance in Europe unless we beef up our forces first.

Our European allies have now reversed the sales pitch, insisting that NATO cannot beef up its forces unless America ratifies SALT II. West Germany's De-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fense Minister, Hans Apel, on a recent trip to Washington, explicitly linked the modernization of Western Europe's missiles to the Senate's decision, reasoning thus. 1) We fear the Soviet Union's missiles. 2) We must therefore seek to negotiate them away. 3) The 572 new American missiles will help force the Soviets to the bargaining table (so far, Apel agrees with our diplomats). But 4), the Soviets will not begin bargaining on SALT III unless SALT II is passed. Therefore 5) unless the Senate ratifies SALT II, installing the new missiles would be a useless provocation. Tom Wicker, in the *New York Times,* crossed Apel's t's and dotted his i's. "Confronted with [the Soviet] menace, the NATO allies are anxious to get on to SALT III. But without SALT II, there could be no SALT III. As Malcolm Toon, the retiring U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, put it, Senate rejection of the current treaty would cause 'rather substantial deterioration of [Soviet-American] relations' and shatter the arms limitation process between the superpowers."

Only an overriding metaphysical commitment could induce Wicker to speak of a Soviet "menace," and the dogma in this case is the sanctity of the SALT process. SALT, to the Wickers of the world, is not a diplomatic tool, a means of securing our safety or advancing our national interests. It is a good in itself—*the* good, so far as Soviet-American relations are concerned, against which all things are measured and before whose name all heads must bow. In the present situation, the Pershings and cruises proposed by the Defense Department have no function as weapons, as deterrents against other weapons already in place; they are counters in a board game, steps in a process. If the process goes awry, we have no use for them. Wicker merely teases out the implications of a campaign to sell new missiles to Europe as "bargaining chips."

Apel, who presumably knows better, has reasons of his own. Apel and his boss, Helmut Schmidt—and all the other European leaders now dragging their heels—want and need our protection. But they want to be forced to accept it. They are leery of being branded by the left wing of their electorates as warmongers. With SALT II, they can have the missiles and wear the mantles of peacemakers at the same time.

There is another, deeper reason for their caution. If SALT II fails, Soviet-American relations will indeed deteriorate, as Ambassador Toon predicted. America, resting on unquestioned military and technological superiority, has weathered all previous cold snaps. Twigs and small branches have broken off in local ice storms. Some—Chile—have been grafted back on. Others—Indochina—look gone for good. But the trunk of the Western alliance—North America, Western Europe, Japan—has survived unscathed. What Apel and company now seem to fear—and what the trajectory of the last two Administrations in dealing with Africa, the Middle East, and the Caribbean gives them every reason to fear—is that America lacks the will to carry them through the next freeze.

Whatever It Takes

That's what Jimmy says he'll do
To defeat inflation,
But since it's October, please
Stifle your elation.
Wait until next summer when
Voters hit the ceiling;
That's when putting on the brakes
Won't seem so appealing.

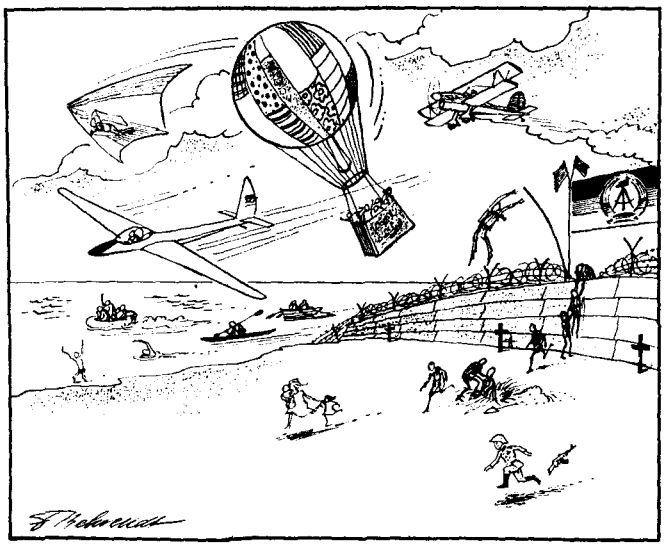
W. H. von Dreele

Carter's Imperial Presidency

"Treaty termination generally is a shared power," proclaimed Federal District Judge Oliver Gasch, adding that the President "is clearly not the sole maker of foreign policy." And it was with pardonable pride that Senator Barry Goldwater, litigant, announced that he was "elated by the court's ruling," which he said was "the first time in this nation's almost two hundred years of constitutional history that a federal judge has ruled directly on the power of treaty termination." For what Judge Gasch has done is to find President Carter guilty of violating the Constitution when he served one year's notice of unilateral termination of the thirty-year-old U.S.–Republic of China defense treaty without obtaining a two-thirds vote in the Senate or a majority vote in both houses of Congress. In other words, a President cannot simply dump an ally while Congress is out of session. We retain a deliberate-sense system of government.

Practically speaking, Judge Gasch's ruling should pose no great problem for the Administration. There is little doubt that at this stage the U.S. is so far committed to the "China connection" that a majority of both houses would pass resolutions which would "cover the Emperor's rear." Majority Leader Byrd says, "I would like to see the Senate express its will—I think the votes are there." Byrd is consulting with Goldwater who says, "I would like to assist . . . in reaching a final vote at the earliest possible time. A vote by the Senate or Congress is all I have been seeking all along." And Goldwater even left open the possibility that he might not vote against a resolution in the Senate. So what's the problem? The problem is that rather than establish the precedent of acquiescing in Congress' co-equal role in treaty termination, the Administration prefers to appeal. The technical ground is that the original treaty, when passed, provided that it could be terminated by either

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

East Germany—After Thirty Years

side. The inference drawn from this by the Administration is that the Senate had already delegated its termination-power to the Executive. This is probably sophistical, but the Administration desperately wants to bypass Congress so as to avoid having to admit an error.

Under Secretary of State Warren Christopher has argued that unless the ruling is reversed, Peking "will feel obliged to reconsider the entire relationship." Wrong. Peking has a right to demand performance on an agreement it made with the U.S., but it is not for Peking to select the method by which this is done, whether by the courts or Congress. In fact, resolution of the conundrum by Congress might be preferable for Peking because of the political significance of legislative support. By insisting on the judicial route, the Administration is giving the assertion of Executive supremacy priority over foreign policy.

Carrington's Jujitsu

Great Britain lost its empire but didn't lose the capacity for diplomatic negotiation, as Lord Carrington has stunningly demonstrated in six weeks of negotiations on Rhodesia in London. True, only the easier half of the negotiations have been completed—the constitutional structure—and the worst is yet to come—agreement on transitional arrangements. Still, six weeks ago the odds were that the talks would never get this far, and Carrington himself seemed to have given up and started separate talks with the Salisbury delegation. In so doing, he seemed to gain momentum by a form jujitsu, and the guerrillas caved in.

Carrington took advantage of various factors: the fear of being blamed for a breakdown, Salisbury's need for Anglo-American support, and the guerrillas' vulnerability to Front Line pressure, primarily from Julius Nyerere, who favors a British return to Rhodesia to arrange a proper transfer of imperial authority to a new government there. Nyerere is so anxious for such a settlement that he does not care who wins the election, even a party including Ian Smith. Little is heard of the Communist powers these days—either the Russians who supply Nkomo or the Chinese who supply Mugabe. Constructive negotiation leading to someone else's taking power is not their bag.

Lord Carrington's proposals include temporary restoration of British power under a governor with executive and legislative power, advised by an election council including members of all parties. Salisbury objects to the requirement that Muzorewa surrender power. The guerrillas object to their lack of a military-police role during the elections and to the brevity of the proposed transition, a two-month period which they fear would not give them time to entrench themselves. If Carrington continues his previous style he will set time limits, listen to both sides, and then make his compromise proposal, prepared to terminate the talks rather than allow them to be dragged out like the Paris talks on Vietnam. There is an approaching built-in deadline, November 6, when the British sanctions must be extended by Parliament or else expire. Given the present political climate in Margaret Thatcher's Parliament, strong pressure will exist to let the sanctions expire—pressure which will relax only if Carrington has shown substantial progress.

Botha's Courage

The heavyweight semi-championship bout televised from South Africa—between black American John Tate (who won easily) and white South African Gerrie Coetzee (who denounces apartheid)—was condemned in advance by all the usual right-thinking people. Jesse Jackson, who favors recognizing "reality" in the Mideast, led the charge: nobody should have anything to do with South Africa until . . . until it is something other than what it is.

Critics complained that the fight didn't signify real change. Yes, the stadium was integrated, for the first time in the history of South African sport, and yes, the government had promised to keep it that way forevermore. But these gestures were strictly "cosmetic," designed to buy time and win the regime international respectability as it continues its abominable policies. The concessions were "only" for television. Even now a movement is afoot to exclude Britain from the Olympic Games for permitting a South African rugby team to play on its soil. (Rugby is not an Olympic sport.)

But the Tate-Coetzee fight was a genuine milestone in South African history, like Jackie Robinson's admission to major league baseball at a time when segregation still

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATO

The tanks are from the Fifties;
  The guns are World War II;
The fighters are outnumbered;
  The missiles aren't too new;
Our grunts aren't re-enlisting;
  The Dutch don't want our nukes.
There clearly is no clamor
  For putting up our dukes.

W. H. VON DREELE

remained in many of the cities he played in. What makes the fight more than cosmetic is that it accompanied a concession *in principle* by the once-hardline Botha government.

Botha himself is warning South African whites that they have two options: "Adapt or die." Black labor unions are now legal. Laws proscribing race-mixing are under review and no doubt will soon be repealed. Many theaters and restaurants are now integrated, and many others are seeking permission to integrate, a sign of white backing for reform. Botha has appointed several commissions, with black majorities, to propose fundamental changes in the structure of government. The whole apartheid system, barely thirty years old, hardly qualifies as a venerable tradition.

The reforms are more than the product of external pressures. They are ultimately traceable to the changing character of the entire population in the dynamics of a modern culture and economy. Bushmen don't attend theaters or dine in restaurants; savages are fatalistic, not upwardly mobile. An exchange economy naturally leads people to regard themselves and others under the aspect of the market, which relativizes what may formerly have been sacred distinctions. Capitalism, in short, leads to integration. It is therefore grotesquely inappropriate to demand market sanctions against South Africa, which will inevitably hit blacks first and hardest; just as it is absurd to prescribe for it the neo-tribalism of the national socialist regimes that oppress most of black Africa.

But it will take considerable political wisdom to institute new reforms that are not as artificial and fragile as apartheid itself, however well meant. Botha's bold moves will help generate a momentum of change that may be next to impossible for any government, white or black, to control—and there will be no shortage of malicious opportunists, bent on chaos rather than improvement. The United States, with a population only one-ninth black, is still recovering from the turbulence of the Sixties. South Africa, overwhelmingly black even if Asians and "coloreds" are counted as whites, will need something like a miracle to come through its near future peacefully. But Botha has earned the benefit of a doubt from responsible critics.

Traitor to Art

Dmitri Shostakovich died on August 9, 1975 at the age of 68. At that time no one knew that he had dictated lengthy recollections to a friend, the music journalist Solomon Volkov. This material was smuggled out and has now been published by Harper and Row as *Testimony*.

It is a tremendous book, Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag* in another version. As music critic Harold C. Schonberg writes in a major review in the *New York Times*, Shostakovich "was forced to go along with party doctrines, hating every minute of it." He "was a great talent ruined by the system under which he was working."

After his brilliant First Symphony and his remarkable *Lady Macbeth of the Mzensk District*, Shostakovich was frightened out of his socks by Stalin's personal disapproval of his "formalism," i.e., his modernism. For the rest of his life, until he knew he was dying, he ground out party-line junk. Fearing that he would be literally murdered, but also enjoying his perquisites and high connections, he sold out. Only when he knew he was dying did he reassert himself briefly as an artist. "No," says Shostakovich toward the end of his *Testimony*, "I can't go on describing my unhappy life, and I'm sure that no one can doubt now that it was unhappy. There were no particularly happy moments in my life, no great joys. It was grey and dull and it makes me sad to think about it."

A little courage might have helped. Shostakovich traveled abroad, to New York in 1949, for example. He could have dumped the commissars and the philistines, lived in New York, say, or Paris. He could have written the large body of first-rate work of which he was capable. Other great artists have sought freedom in exile. Shostakovich's *Testimony*, therefore, convicts two defendants: the atrocious Soviet system, of course; but also Shostakovich himself, a traitor to his art.

S. J. Perelman, R I P

S. J. Perelman, unlike so many great satirists, never allowed himself to lapse into the self-pitying whine that "nobody takes me seriously." While his humor could be as scathing as Mark Twain's, and as self-lacerating as Woody Allen's, he also had a saving, civil, and simply irrepressible sense of whimsy.

His light, satirical essays, featured regularly in *The New Yorker* for more than forty years, and his screenplays for some of the most successful Marx Brothers comedies, were characterized by zany flights of imagination and shameless descents into groan-eliciting puns. "Don't mind us, Verna," a neighbor in an imaginary Perelman commercial announces, "we just dropped in to sneer at your towels." His characters bore names like "Howells & Imprecation, lawyers"; and "Whitelipped &

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memo to: all National Review Readers

From: Jim McFadden

We have a big problem, and I think you have at least a small one, coming up soon. I'd like to talk to you about both now -- a bit early, true -- if you'll let me:

1) NR depends heavily on the new subscribers we get from the Christmas gifts you are good enough to send to friends and relations (and students, don't forget them.). Lord forgive us, we hate to mention Christmas so soon (it annoys me when other magazines make "Xmas offers" right after Labor Day!) but this year is different -- so we've decided to make it different.

2) Gift subscriptions are a thoughtful and impressive gift, or you wouldn't have used them all these years to solve special gift problems -- we always say that any intelligent person will be flattered to think you thought they'd enjoy NR -- and we benefit greatly from the many people who thus become NR fans and stay with us year after year (we never ask you to renew the same subscriptions next year: we expect NR to sell itself when you introduce new friends!).

3) This year is especially important to us and, we think, to you as well. For the '80 election campaign -- already going hot and heavy -- is the most crucial of our lifetime. Not to mention the most interesting. And NR, as you know, is at its very best in reporting the news and commentary you can't find elsewhere at a time like this. So we've decided to put all these factors together and do something special: make this year's Christmas gifts election year subscriptions as well. We hope (and pray) you will help us -- and please your friends -- by taking advantage of them, right now if possible, so we have time to handle everything properly.

Here is what I propose: give special 18-issue (36 weeks) introductory subscriptions (to as many people as you can, naturally!) as Christmas gifts. You pay only $9.95 each. We announce your gift via a special card that a) tells each recipient of your gift just before Christmas and b) explains that it will begin in mid-January and cover the whole election campaign (exactly right: the last issue will be our pre-election special in October!). I repeat: you pay only $9.95 for each of these impressive gifts, little more than half the single-copy price for 18 big issues, so you get a real bargain. And your friends get a flattering and valuable gift that will make the whole '80 campaign much more enjoyable for them.

Not to mention the favor you're doing us. As I say, we don't ask you to repeat such gifts. We invite you to pick people who don't yet know NR. We're confident that, once they do, they'll stay with us. The cost of everything is up? Well, the cost of these special Christmas gifts is down, for the simple reason that, if you'll help us by taking advantage of them, we'll save money in the long run (it is very costly reaching new readers -- yet you know exactly who we want -- more people like yourself). So do everybody a favor by using the card facing this page today? It's all explained there in detail. And please, do it now? You get a big jump on the coming rush (and we need that extra time). My thanks in advance for your help in all this.

JMcF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trembling, brokers." A spoof on a French detective mystery was titled "The Saucier's Apprentice."

Perelman's prose bore a predictable cadence, from the mundane to the insane and back again, always powered by a gleeful and often giddy imagination. "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, which has a crew haircut, a class pipe, and a yellow oilskin slicker, describes a farm as 'a piece of land leased for cultivation, hence any tract devoted to agricultural purposes.' I prefer my own definition. A farm is an irregular patch of nettles bounded by short-term notes, containing a fool and his wife who didn't know enough to stay in the city." Not since Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet* has anyone made better comic use of the cliché: "The distinguished producer looked up from slitting his morning mail. A pleasant smile played about the corners of his desk."

Surprise was the essence of Perelman's handling of language, and that sense of surprise, aesthetically, was connected with a sense of freedom. A Perelman sentence can remind you of Joyce. He raised the wisecrack to an art form. He could counterfeit despair, and exit with a laugh. About the satirical essay he wrote: "The handful of chumps who still practice it are as lonely as the survivors of Fort Zinderneuf; a few more assaults by television and picture journalism and we might as well post their bodies on the ramparts . . . and kneel for the final annihilation. Until then, so long and don't take any wooden rhetoric."

Nadia Boulanger, R I P

Dr. Johnson once said of Edmund Burke that one only had to stand with him for a few minutes to see that he was an extraordinary person. The same could be said of Nadia Boulanger. Mademoiselle, as all her friends and students called her, was a great person, and everyone knew it. Every Wednesday for almost sixty years musicians from all over the world would make their ways to her fourth-floor apartment at 36 Rue Ballu in Paris to study with the person they recognized as the greatest music teacher of our century. This incontestable fact was acknowledged by every great musician of our time—beginning with her own sister Lili, and including such giants as Stravinsky and Copland.

The lessons themselves were often as painful as they were stimulating. Her standards often seemed beyond her students' grasp, her criticism could be merciless. Yet her ancient apartment was a kind of sanctuary, and I often felt as though I were leaving the twentieth century whenever I entered its precincts. Even the little flower shop on the corner where her students invariably bought her flowers seemed to belong to another era. Yet the conversations within could be very contemporary. There was literally nothing Mademoiselle did not know about music. She was also a profound conservative—both culturally and politically—and in a very real sense she was in the business of teaching those high and permanent standards and values that all conservatives cherish.

Some years ago, on a train ride from Oxford to London, she endeavored to sum up her philosophy for me. "Love and hard work. Those are the most important things in life. One cannot be a great musician without them both. You must master technique because great art is the triumph of technique; it is also the triumph of love over technique. But this can only be achieved through work. If Stravinsky were to clean floors he would clean them better than any man in the world."

She then described to me, as she looked out the train window, a trip she had made to Spain the previous spring. The Madrid Philharmonic had invited her to conduct. "At first," she explained, "I was disinclined to accept. But then I said to myself, 'Look, you are an old woman and have never been to Spain.' And so I went." She decided to go several days before her concert so she could see a little of the country, and, in Salamanca, not far from the university, she visited a certain wall where students since the fifteenth century had carved their names. Her eyes were weak, but she ran her fingers over part of the wall and thought of the many great men who had placed their names there before they had achieved the greatness for which they were destined. As she stood by that wall in Salamanca she recalled something an American nun had said to her during World War II when she lived in America. The nun had informed Mademoiselle that she had been very unhappy since the start of the war, not only because of the great suffering the war was causing to millions of people but because the war made it impossible for her Order to send its young members to Europe to study. Mademoiselle, who was deeply patriotic and extremely concerned about the war, could not at first understand the nun. "What's so sad about that?" she inquired. "Because," the nun replied, "our younger sisters can no longer walk where the saints walked."

At the wall in Salamanca, Mme. Boulanger realized that all her life she had been walking where the saints walked, that she was a vital part of a great tradition,

The Carters

They're weak on economics;
  They wobble on defense;
They launch Marines in Cuba—
  Up to that wire fence;
They root for Red guerrillas;
  They sell the Russians grain;
Their friends are most peculiar,
  But, boy, can they campaign!

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that her vocation had been to initiate others into the wonders of that tradition. "Great art," she once said, "loves chains. When you understand why this is so you will understand great art." PETER P. WITONSKI

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I received this week a dozen or so Russian academic works selected from a nice catalogue—Imported Publications, Inc., Chicago. I've long felt provincially deficient in the Russian written product. On first glance it seems a fairly dreary literature; one is N. Sivachyov and E. Yazkov, *History of the U.S.A. since World War I*. If by chance you have not seen it I'll note the reference to your influence in these parts:

> . . . the transition [of Mr. Ford] to the more responsible job demanded a broadening of social outlook. It was no accident that William F. Buckley, the main ideologue of the reactionary direction in current U.S. political life, was soon to write an article in which he asserted that Richard Nixon had betrayed the hopes of the "conservatives" (this is what the reactionaries call themselves) and called on his many supporters "to press on Mr. Ford the relevance of the conservative vision."

Sincerely,
Norman L. Shipley
Simsbury, Conn.

■ Dear Bill,

You were great on the Phil Donohue show, but on the Mike Douglas show I became annoyed. The meaning of the word "truckle" came up for grabs. You were asked what it meant, and you simply answered "to submit." With apparent self-assurance, the pedantic Tony Randall sharply disagreed, saying it meant "to pander." My dictionary states that it means "to submit obsequiously." I hope that as one gentleman to another, Mr. Randall will gracefully and "obsequiously submit" that *he* did not know the meaning of the word.

Francis Sparagna
Chairman, Forum for Awareness
Vineland, N.J.

Francis: Call it a draw. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Don't misunderstand me—I am not being facetious—but why do you retain the suffix "Jr." in your name? Is it not true that when the original bearer of the name is deceased the younger namesake drops the "Jr."?

Sincerely,
WC
Bronx, N.Y.

No, it isn't true. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Regarding Christmas celebrations: A member of Parliament named Thomas Massey-Massey once suggested that Christmas be called Christ Tide. An opponent of the idea made a tongue-in-cheek speech in which he advocated the complete obliteration of the word Mass. He ended by saying that his distinguished opponent's name should be changed to Tho-tide Tide-ey-Tide-ey.

Sincerely yours,
Svend Petersen
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a former employee of the American Printing House for the Blind in Louisville, Kentucky, I was surprised that you did not mention to Colonel Chilton ["Notes & Asides," April 13] that NATIONAL REVIEW (the magazine, not the *Bulletin*) is published on Talking Books for the use of the blind and physically handicapped. It takes a while before the discs are actually available, but they are dutifully recorded every fortnight by Louisville's finest readers under the competent supervision of Mrs. Lee Allen.

Also, I must get my two cents in. To the best of my knowledge, the German word *Klavier*, which now means "piano," applied in Bach's time to any keyboard instrument—clavicembalo, clavichord, clavier, harpsichord, organ, pianoforte, or spinet. That is why the *Clavier-Übung* contains music for more than one type of keyboard—organ and harpsichord at least.

Best wishes,
W. Geoffrey Rommel
St. John's College
Santa Fe, N.M.

■ Dear Bill:

Coming back from Guam (as I often do) the other day I watched *Saturday Night Fever*. Then I read your column on the subject. A disturbing business. I had had the same thoughts. Now I'm re-examining them, of course, but only with reluctance.

Yours faithfully,
Ken
[John Kenneth Galbraith]

P.S.: There are some basic values left. I had the impression one girl resisted rape. Adhere scrupulously.

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRO-NUKES

Power for the People

JACK KIRWAN

For the last couple of years, the Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant in central Colorado has been one of the principal targets of the anti-defense, anti-technology extremists. But late last month, the other side had its say.

The pro-nuclear rally, sponsored by the Denver-based Citizens for Energy and Freedom, had for its theme "Power for the People"—and the people were there. It was a much wider spectrum of humanity than is generally found at anti-nuke demonstrations. There was not only greater diversity in terms of age and race, but there was a relaxed, non-frenzied, good-time atmosphere, in striking contrast to the tense and rather gloomy affairs put on by the anti's. A holiday atmosphere prevailed, with people milling around, chatting with friends, setting up folding chairs and spreading out blankets, and enjoying the music of several bands, which ranged from contemporary rock to the easier strains of mariachi. There was even a magician.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining down on the Front Range of the Rockies, which crested like a giant frozen wave of stone to the west. As is usual in August in this part of the high country, storm clouds were building up; but this didn't discourage the crowd, which eventually swelled to some 15,000 men, women, and children. Indeed, with the music and the picnic lunches and the bandstands, it seemed at first more like a big, outdoors party than a technological rally.

But it didn't take much to see the purposeful side of the occasion. In addition to pro-nuclear T-shirts (a red, white, and blue atomic symbol with the caption *Power to the People*), concessions sold bumper stickers for every taste—*More Nukes, Less Kooks*; *Make Rocky Flats Safe: Move Denver*; and the unequivocal *Support Nuclear Power or Freeze in the Dark*—as well as a variety of pro-technology brochures and books. All these stands did a brisk business.

The sponsoring group, the Citizens for Energy and Freedom, is one of those rarities nowadays—a genuine grassroots organization. It consists to a great extent of Rocky Flats employees. Rockwell International, which operates the plant, has some 3,200 people working at the facility. Labor's participation was conspicuous, with representatives from the Colorado AFL-CIO, building and construction trades, and the steel workers. One of the featured speakers was former Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan.

Shortly after noon, the music came to a halt and the huge crowd began to converge around the main platform. Journalists were everywhere, and the audience waved as TV helicopters buzzed the open field. Art Benjamin, the rally chairman, called things to order and the formal part of the rally began.

The first speaker was the dynamic Llewellyn King, editor of *Energy Daily*. Calling the opposition to nuclear power "a new kind of American negativism," King reminded the audience that in 1973—the year of the first Arab oil boycott—we imported 29 per cent of our energy requirements, and that in 1978 that figure had risen to 50 per cent. He added that technology is now "the subject of the new bigotry." Actually, one of the features which distinguished this rally from the anti-nuke demonstrations was the overall feeling of optimism. The anti-intellectualism which is such a conspicuous part of the anti-nuclear movement from Jane Fonda on down (or up, as the case may be) was nowhere in evidence. Quite the contrary; the lucidity and rationality of the speakers was in stunning contrast to the primitive chanting of so many of the anti-nukes.

Dr. Petr Beckmann, a professor of electrical engineering from the University of Colorado and editor of *Access to Energy*, exemplified this. Beckmann, a Czech émigré and joyfully outspoken champion of technology, told the overflow crowd that "the kooks are wearing the false cloak of morality." The audience applauded repeatedly, and especially when Beckmann reminded them that the opposition has "the big guns, the national media, but in the end the truth will prevail." The standing ovation Beckmann received seemed a tribute not only to his words but to his intellectual integrity.

Peter Brennan drew perhaps the biggest cheers of the day when he described the rally as "a message to our national leaders and some of those dead-asses need it." Other speakers included New Hampshire's Juliette Zivic, Michael May from the Livermore Laboratories in California, and John Stoessinger of the City University of New York, spending his last day in Colorado after a year's stint as Presidential Professor at the Colorado School of Mines. Boots Randolph, the Tennessee saxophonist, entertained during a break.

Although the storm clouds were growing darker by the moment, the vast majority of the audience stayed to hear Stoessinger (like Beckmann, a former Czech citizen) talk about how the existence of nuclear weapons had most likely prevented a world war on at least four different occasions—Korea, the Suez crisis of 1956, the Arab-Israeli war of 1973, and Vietnam. Stoessinger—who grew up as a Jew under Hitler—spoke from experience when he added, "When you negotiate from weakness, you lose in the end." He commended the workers at Rocky Flats for their local pride, saying "the problem of the United States is not the problem of Rocky Flats; it's the decline of the work ethic."

The speakers represented the broad range of support which nuclear power has among leaders in this country. And the audience represented the other segment of support—the people. One of these people, Dick Lally, who has worked at Rocky Flats for 16 years as a technician, put it neatly: "I was pleased," he said, "to see so many people being *for* something and not being high on alcohol or drugs." Which was what the demonstration (the largest pro-nuclear rally in history) was all about—clarity, rationality, and optimism. □

Mr. Kirwan is a novelist who lives in Colorado.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL DENVER GO DRY?

DENVER, Colo.—With all the snow and rivers in Colorado, many residents did not fully recognize the state's developing water problem.

While the population and economy have grown, the water supply has not. And much of the limited water supply flows out of state untouched because of water rights laws protecting states downstream.

Mardee McKinlay of KBTV in Denver went to work to develop greater public awareness of the situation.

KBTV is a former Combined Communications television station that is now part of the Gannett Broadcast Group.

McKinlay produced several in-depth documentaries explaining the complexity of the problem. In one, "We Had Best Care," a leading geographer told of the long-term effects on the land. McKinlay also interviewed cattlemen and farmers to explain the impact on people.

A follow-up documentary, "Western Slope Pressure Cooker," reported how coal and oil shale development could put additional demands on the water supply.

These documentaries, along with supporting news reports and editorials by Station KBTV, alerted the people of Colorado. Water conservation efforts were improved and a lively debate over water and land management continues.

At Gannett, we support and encourage such efforts as those of Mardee McKinlay and Station KBTV. They symbolize what we're most proud of: professional excellence in news coverage and a total commitment to strong, independent service to the community.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, television, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

And so from Lansing to Louisville, from St. Thomas to San Diego, every Gannett newspaper, every television and radio station is free to express its own opinions. Each is free to serve the best interests of its own communities in its own way.

Gannett

A World Of Different Voices Where Freedom Speaks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIFTY YEARS LATER

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE GREAT CRASH?

ALAN REYNOLDS

THE GREAT CRASH of October 1929 marked a fundamental break in U.S. history, a drastic change in basic attitudes and institutions that define the roles of citizen and state. Within about three years, stock prices were down to one-tenth of what they had been, real gross national product (GNP) had fallen by a third, industrial production was cut in half, and unemployment had hit a fourth of the labor force. Meanwhile, the public mind was affected as much as the economy, with the people turning to the government for security.

The terror of the Great Crash has been the failure to explain it. People were left with the feeling that massive economic contractions could occur at any moment, without warning, without cause. That fear has been exploited ever since as the major justification for virtually unlimited federal intervention in economic affairs.

From the obvious fact that it did not last, many conclude that the prosperity of the Twenties was in some sense phony or unreal. Actually, it was an enormously vibrant and creative decade. Real production per person increased by a whopping 42 per cent from 1921 to 1929. Life expectancy at birth rose by 5.6 years. There were more applications for patents in 1929 than in any year until 1965. From 1923 to 1929, unemployment averaged 3.3 per cent and inflation less than 1 per cent.

For reasons that range from puritanical to bolshevist, nearly everyone seems eager to blame the Thirties on the previous decade, rather than on policy blunders within the Thirties themselves. The Roaring Twenties are widely caricatured as a period of boozy self-indulgence, the extravagant sins of which required the penance of the Great Depression. The message is that progress should never again be really enjoyed; instead, rapid movement in living standards and stock values should be regarded as a symptom of incipient decay. To be doing well is to court disaster.

Some of these ascetic notions were recently revived by *Business Week* (September 3). They will be cited below not to chastise that journal (one of my favorites), but to highlight illusions so popular that they are still universally treated as facts:

► *Low Wages.* "Despite huge gains in productivity," writes *Business Week*, "wages actually fell for part or all of the 1920s." Actually, wage rates fell significantly only in 1921-22, when consumer prices also fell by more than 16 per cent. From 1922 to 1929, wage rates in manufacturing rose 17.3 per cent in real terms. In a period of comparable length, 1970 to 1977, real wage rates in manufacturing rose only 8.3 per cent.

► *Excess Profits.* From the incorrect assumption of falling wages, *Business Week* concludes that there was a "shift to profits . . . which pitched much of the income gain to high-saving high-income groups." The result was supposedly more savings than could profitably be used in expanding business investment "especially in 1928-29 as money from the 'shift to profits' sought productive uses. The surplus funds flowed into stock market speculation."

Business Week somehow argues that there was both too much and too little business investment: "business investment lagged through the late 1920s," but "capacity had been expanding at rates that could no longer be maintained." In fact, business fixed investment in 1929 was a robust 11.8 per cent of GNP—a figure unmatched since.

CORPORATE PROFITS, before taxes, averaged 8.2 per cent of national income in 1920-29—well below the 9.7 per cent share of the previous decade or the 14.1 per cent profit share in 1940-49. Conversely, the share of national income going to employee compensation averaged over 60 per cent in the Twenties, up from around 55 per cent in the previous two decades. There was no "shift to profits."

► *Excess Poverty.* "Almost 60 per cent of all of America's families," says *Business Week*, "earned less than the $2,000 a year needed in 1929 to buy the basic necessities." The cost of living today is about six times what it was in 1929, so that an income of $2,000 per "family" (which term actually includes single individuals) is comparable to $12,000 now —still well above any meaningful concept of basic necessities.

If most people couldn't afford to buy anything in 1929, why did personal-consumption spending amount to three-

Mr. Reynolds is vice president and economist of the First National Bank of Chicago and editor of The First Chicago World Report.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fourths of GNP in 1929, compared with 64 per cent last year? "Underconsumption" theories of the crash can't be reconciled with the evidence.

► *Excess Affluence.* "From 1919 to 1929," writes *Business Week*, "the share of disposable income received by persons in the top 1 per cent of the income distribution rose to 18.9 per cent from 12.2 per cent." The top rate of federal income tax was cut from 73 per cent in 1919-21 to 24 per cent by 1929, so more disposable (after-tax) income was reported in high income brackets. That doesn't mean the middle class got a significantly smaller share.

► *Farm Depression. Business Week* speaks of "sharply lower prices for farmers, while the goods they bought were rising in cost." But net income of farm operators (per farm) rose 4.6 per cent in 1928, 2.3 per cent in 1929. Prices received for both livestock and crops were up in 1928 and 1929; the "parity ratio" of farm costs to prices rose in both years and (at 92) was higher in 1929 than in any year from 1954 to the present. Farm prices and incomes were, of course, even higher during the inflationary boom of World War I, but so was the cost of living. Farm debt declined from 1923 to 1927, and then leveled off.

► *Housing Depression.* "A consumption boom," claims *Business Week*, "disguised the steepness of the housing depression." New houses were built at a hectic pace in 1922-27, doubling the previous record. Partly because of restricted immigration, housing starts dropped fairly sharply after April 1928, but they were still higher in 1929 than in any year before 1922. Moreover, the 1929 dip in housing was largely offset by a rise in nonresidential construction. A recent study by Professors Robert Gordon and James Wilcox refers to the "1927-29 collapse of construction." But a decline from the unusual $12.1-billion peak in 1926 to $10.8 billion in 1929 was hardly a "collapse"—it amounted to only about 1 per cent of national production.

► *Excessive Debt.* Among the causes of the Depression, according to *Business Week*, was "heavy borrowing by individuals, corporations, and governments." Increases in total private debt were 5.8 per cent in 1928, 3.7 per cent in 1929 —not obviously out of line with the size and growth of incomes (after-tax personal income rose 7.5 per cent in 1929 alone). Government debt actually fell throughout the Twenties.

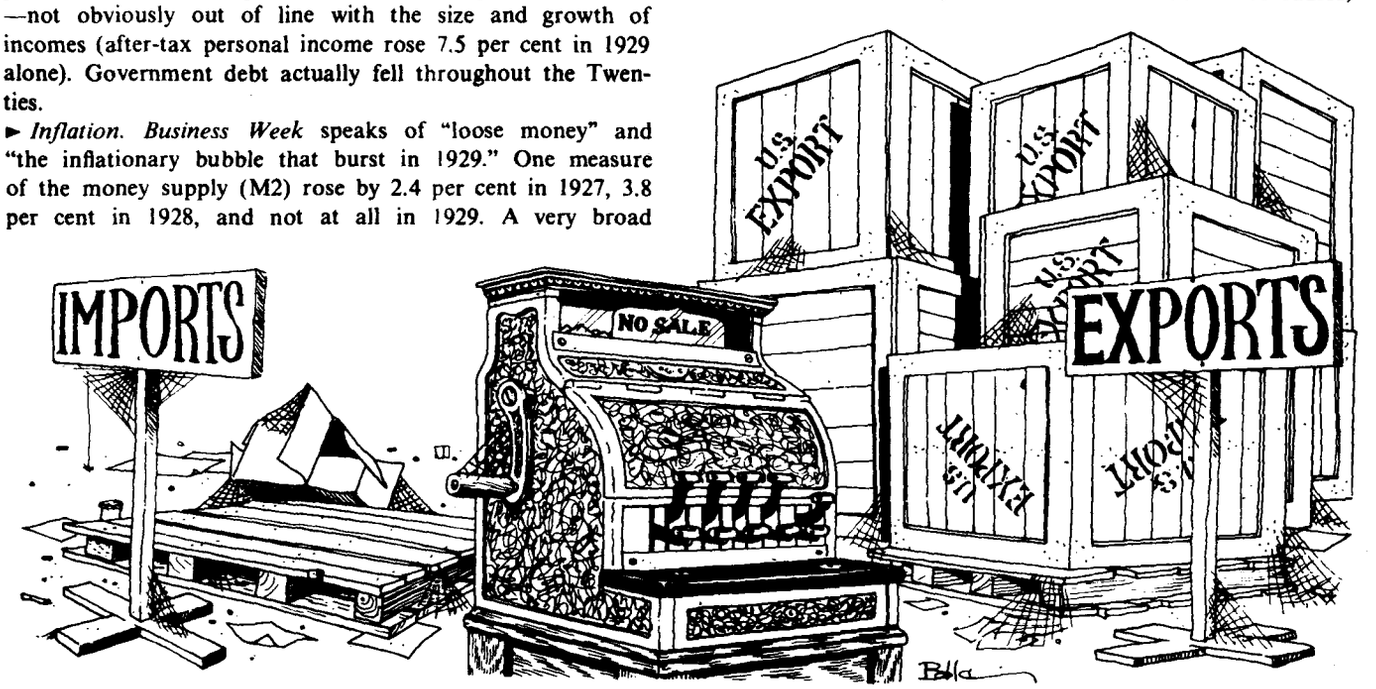
► *Inflation. Business Week* speaks of "loose money" and "the inflationary bubble that burst in 1929." One measure of the money supply (M2) rose by 2.4 per cent in 1927, 3.8 per cent in 1928, and not at all in 1929. A very broad measure of other liquid assets—including all sorts of savings deposits, commercial paper, bankers' acceptances, and Treasury bills—grew by 3.8 per cent in 1928 and fell slightly in 1929.

No credible price index shows any hint of inflation in the late Twenties. As a result, a discount rate of 6 per cent in late 1929 was very high in real terms. Money and credit were not "loose" at all, and there was no inflationary bubble.

If the Thirties can't plausibly be blamed on the Twenties, the logical next place to look is government policies adopted within the Depression itself. Actually, that makes more sense anyway, since our economy is far too resilient and adaptable to be long affected by the sorts of minor imbalances that some claim to find in the Twenties. Those who are producing for sale in free markets have every incentive not only to adapt quickly to changes, but to anticipate them. A market economy is a powerful stabilizing force, efficiently using the decentralized information of millions of people to adjust production and inventories to meet anticipated demands. It takes an enormous shock to throw the whole economy off course. Only the government has the power to deliver such an unexpected blow.

THE CONVENTIONAL wisdom, of course, is that the Crash of '29 was initiated by a wild speculative mania, creating a "bubble" that had to burst. Yet an enormous body of evidence has since shown that the stock market is extraordinarily efficient—that stock prices quickly reflect the best available information. The efficiency of financial markets suggests that the stock market could not have been enormously "overpriced" in September 1929, but must instead have absorbed some strikingly negative new information in the following months.

Actually, it was perfectly reasonable for stock prices to rise substantially after the mild recession of 1927. Average dividends per share rose 61 per cent from 1923 to 1929. Whole new industries, such as the manufacture of radios,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The stock market crash was caused by the increasing likelihood that the Smoot-Hawley tariff would pass

were springing up. Production of autos, crude oil, and electricity more than doubled from 1920 to 1929.

If the Dow-Jones index of industrial stock prices is adjusted for the postwar inflation, the highest point on September 3, 1929 (1,212 in 1975 dollars) was no higher than the peak in 1960 (1,252) and well below the peak in 1966 (1,659). As of 1929, stock prices had doubled in a little over two years in this country, but they doubled in half that time in France, and did almost that well in Canada and Japan. Yet we do not speak of the crazy stock market boom of France in the late Twenties, nor of the insane speculative bubble of 1960 in this country.

If the stock prices were *not* way out of line with genuine business opportunities in September of 1929, as both theory and evidence suggest, then what could have happened to change the prospects so suddenly and dramatically? The answer was provided by Jude Wanniski in *The Way the World Works*: the stock market crash was caused by the increasing likelihood that the Smoot-Hawley tariff would pass.

Many scholars have long agreed that the tariff had disastrous effects, but most of them have felt that it could not have caused the stock market collapse of October 1929, since the tariff was not signed into law until the following June. Today we know that market participants do not wait for a major law to pass, but instead try to anticipate whether or not it will pass and what its effects will be.

Consider the following sequence of events:

The Smoot-Hawley tariff passes the House on May 28, 1929. Stock prices in New York (1926 = 100) drop from 196 in March to 191 in June. On June 19, Republicans on the Senate Finance Committee meet to rewrite the bill. Hoping for improvement, the market rallies, but industrial production (1967 = 100) peaks in July, and dips very slightly through September. Stocks rise to 216 by September, hitting their peak on the third of the month. The full Senate Finance Committee goes to work on the tariff the following day, moving it to the Senate floor later in the month.

On October 21, the Senate rejects, 64 to 10, a move to limit tariff increases to agriculture. "A weakening of the Democratic-Progressive Coalition was evidenced on October 23," notes the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. In this first test vote, 16 members of the anti-tariff coalition switch sides and vote to double the tariff on calcium carbide from Canada. Stocks collapse in the last hour of trading; the following morning is christened Black Thursday. On October 28, a delegation of senators appeals to President Hoover to help push a tariff bill through quickly (which he does on the 31st). The *Chronicle* headlines news about broker loans on the same day: "Recall of Foreign Money Grows Heavier —All Europe Withdrawing Capital." The following day is Black Tuesday, with a record loss of 38 points on the Dow.

Stocks continue falling until November 14. On that day, President Hoover announces a 1 per cent cut in personal and corporate tax rates, and Senator Smoot's proposal to rework the bill in committee is soundly defeated by forces vowing to rewrite it in open session. Shortly before, notes the *Chronicle*, a demoralized Senator Smoot offered to "virtually surrender the tariff bill to the Coalition of Progressives and Democrats." The Senate eventually postpones action on the bill until the next session. It looks like a stalemate. Stocks begin to rally after November 14, rising steadily from 145 in November to 171 in April. Industrial production stops falling and hovers around the December level through March.

On March 24, 1930, the Senate passes the Smoot-Hawley tariff, 222 to 153. Debate now centers on whether or not President Hoover will veto. Still, stocks drop 11 points, to 160, in May. On June 17, 1930, despite the vigorous protests of a thousand economists, Hoover signs the bill into law, noting that it fulfills a campaign promise he had made, and stocks drop to 140 in July.

The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* dated June 21, 1930 led off with the major events of the week—"the signing by the President of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill" and "a renewed violent collapse of the stock market." Without ever quite linking the two events, the *Chronicle* did observe that "if the foreigner cannot sell his goods to us he cannot obtain the wherewithal to buy our goods." Other sections noted that international stocks were particularly hard hit, that 35 nations had vigorously protested the tariff and threatened retaliation, and that Canada and other nations had already hiked their own tariffs "in view of the likelihood of such legislation in the United States."

IT MAY BE hard to realize how international trade could have so much impact on the domestic economy. For years, in explaining income movements in the Thirties, attention has instead been focused on federal spending and deficits. Yet on the face of it, trade was far more important: exports fell from $7 billion in 1929 to $2.5 billion in 1932; federal spending was only $2.6 billion in 1929 and $3.2 billion in 1932. In 1929, exports accounted for nearly 7 per cent of our national production, and a much larger share of the production of goods (as opposed to services). Trade also accounted for 15 to 17 per cent of farm income in 1926-29, and farm exports were slashed to a third of their 1929 level by 1933.

Even these numbers, however, understate the significance of trade. Critical portions of the U.S. production process can be crippled by a high tax on imported materials. Other key industries are heavily dependent on exports. Disruptions in trade patterns then ripple throughout the economy. A tariff on linseed oil hurt the U.S. paint industry, a tariff on tungsten hurt steel, a tariff on casein hurt paper, a tariff on mica hurt electrical equipment, and so on. Over eight hundred things used in making automobiles were taxed by Smoot-Hawley. There were five hundred U.S. plants employing sixty thousand people to make cheap clothing out of imported wool rags; the tariff on wool rags rose by 140 per cent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign countries were flattened by higher U.S. tariffs on things like olive oil (Italy), sugar and cigars (Cuba), silk (Japan), wheat and butter (Canada). The impoverishment of foreign producers reduced their purchases of, say, U.S. cotton, thus bankrupting both farmers and the farmers' banks.

It should be obvious that an effective limit on imports also reduces exports. Without the dollars obtained by selling here, foreign countries could not afford to buy our goods (or to repay their debts). From 1929 to 1932, U.S. imports from Germany fell by $181 million, U.S. exports to Germany fell by $277 million. Americans also had little use for foreign currency, since foreign goods were subject to prohibitive tariffs, so the dollar was artificially costly in terms of other currencies. That too depressed our exports, which turned out to be particularly devastating to farmers—the group that was supposed to benefit from the tariffs.

THERE HAD already been some damage done (particularly to farm exports) by the tariff legislation of 1921 and 1922. As Princeton historian Arthur Link points out, however, "its only important changes were increased protection for aluminum, chemical products, and agricultural commodities." Smoot-Hawley broadened the list to include 3,218 items (including sauerkraut), and 887 tariffs were sharply increased, on everything from Brazil nuts to strychnine. Clocks had faced a tariff of 45 per cent; Smoot-Hawley raised that to 55 per cent, plus up to $4.50 apiece. Tariffs on corn, butter, and unimproved wools were roughly doubled. A shrinking list of tariff-free goods no longer included "junk," though leeches and skeletons were still exempt.

A crucial consideration is that many tariffs were a specific amount of money per unit rather than a percentage of the price. As prices of many traded goods fell by half (or more) from 1929 to 1933, the effective rate of tariff doubled. If imported felt hats sold for $5, including a tariff of $2.50, a fall in price to $2.50 would confiscate the entire revenue from selling in the U.S. market. Without the dollars from selling in the U.S. market, the foreign hat manufacturer couldn't buy anything here.

A number of seemingly separate explanations of the Great Crash fit together quite well once the importance of anticipated tariffs is acknowledged. Charles Kindleberger, in *Manias, Panics, and Crashes*, describes some structural collapse in the financial system: "Lending on import, for example, seems to have come to a complete stop." But refusal to finance imports makes perfect sense if lenders were correctly anticipating steep tariffs ahead. There were early cancellations of import orders in 1929 that likewise reflected rational expectations, and import prices were among the first to fall.

A lot of stock was being bought on margin—that is, the buyer put up 25 to 50 per cent of the price and his broker went to the bank to borrow enough to cover the rest temporarily. The chairman of the Federal Reserve Board had warned the banks to curb these broker or "call" loans as early as February 1929, and the Fed nearly doubled the discount rate from 1927 to August 1929, partly in the hope of curbing stock market "speculation." Most of the broker loans in 1928-29 were not from the banks themselves, however, but were instead re-lent to brokers on behalf of domestic business and foreign banks, businesses, and individuals.

The massive withdrawal of foreign lenders from the broker-loan market in early October probably reflected the correctly anticipated decline in the value of the collateral for those loans (stocks), and the fear among foreign capitalists that they would have to liquidate such assets to stay solvent in a world of high tariffs. The process contributed to the crash as both cause and effect. There was a scramble for liquidity by both the lenders and the owners of stocks. As stock prices fell, brokers required that their customers put up more money to meet the margin requirement. If stockholders couldn't come up with the cash, brokers could sell the securities to raise the money. Either way, owners and brokers were pressed to unload stocks, thus perhaps accelerating (but not causing) the stock market decline.

The market suffered continual policy assaults after 1930. In early April of 1932, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* reports "the market fell into a complete collapse . . . owing to the approval by the House of Representatives of an increased tax on stock sales." The Dow bottomed on July 8, when (as the *Chronicle* of the following day reported) there had been some good news—the Tariff Commission had trimmed 18 tariffs, and a House subcommittee was looking into ways to cut taxes by eliminating duplication with states. On Tuesday, September 19, candidate Roosevelt called the tariff "the road to ruin" and pledged to negotiate reductions in tariffs as soon as he took office. The following Saturday, the *Chronicle* was astounded that the "market again sharply reversed its course, and on Wednesday prices suddenly surged upward in a most sensational fashion."

THE OVERWHELMING issue after Smoot-Hawley was accelerating deflation—a general decline in prices or increase in the purchasing power of money. As measured by the broad GNP deflator, prices fell by 3.3 per cent in 1930, 9.1 per cent in 1931, 11.2 per cent in 1932, and 2.1 per cent in 1933. A chuck roast that sold for 31 cents a pound in 1929 went for 16 cents in 1933.

Many enduring myths about the early Depression simply reflect failure to adjust for the rising value of the dollar. It is still said, for example, that there must have been as much money as people wanted to borrow since interest rates were so low. Short-term business loans in major cities went for 4.7 per cent in 1932; a Manhattan mortgage could be obtained at 5.8 per cent. Since prices were falling by 11 per cent a year, however, those rates were roughly 16 to 17 per cent in real terms—equivalent to nominal rates of 30 per cent at today's rate of inflation. Actually, the fact that the dollar was rising in value against goods is a sure sign that people wanted to hold more money than there was, and were willing to dump goods to get it.

The initial trigger of deflation was the collapse of over five thousand banks, at the rate of about three hundred banks a month after October 1930. Perfectly sound foreign loans turned bad as foreign exporters were shut out of our market. Broker loans turned bad as foreign and domestic stockholders, and those lending against that collateral, re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considered the earnings potential of firms in a shrunken world market. Above all, farm loans turned bad as farm export potential and prices faced collapse as a result of the deliberate impoverishment of foreign customers. As Professor Allan Meltzer has emphasized, rural banks were hit particularly hard by Smoot-Hawley.

Failure of a few banks soon toppled others, as people rushed to pull their money out. Banks couldn't convert all their loans and securities into cash quickly enough without bankrupting their borrowers or losing money by selling bonds cheap. The Federal Reserve, set up to prevent bank runs, did almost nothing in the way of supplying the banks with more reserves or lending them money against securities. Instead, it hiked the discount rate by two percentage points in early 1932.

Between August 1929 and March 1933, some 36 per cent of the nation's money simply disappeared. That was, of course, the startling discovery Milton Friedman and Anna Schwartz made in 1963, in their *Monetary History of the U.S.* It was not widely noticed at the time. The October 1934 letter from National City Bank of New York reported that "at no time since 1929 has the stock of money been less than in that year." That statement makes sense only if one doesn't count deposits in banks as money.

In fact, when banks collapsed, their deposits ceased to be money. When people don't have as much money, they can't spend it as fast. With a fall in total spending (nominal GNP), either prices or quantities bought also had to come down. The U.S. Government actively resisted the downward adjustment of prices, particularly the price of labor, with the predictable result that more of the decline was reflected in production than was the case in Europe.

Deflation had serious effects. For one thing, the real burden of debt rose sharply. Promises to pay a certain number of dollars in the future naturally lead to widespread bankruptcies and defaults when the flow of dollar incomes is much less than expected. And there are other expenses that may be fixed by long-term contracts, such as commitments to pay a certain price for future delivery, or wage contracts with labor unions. When spending and prices fall, such contracted costs may wipe out any margin for profit, resulting in layoffs or plant closings.

There was (and still is) a widespread confusion of wage rates per hour with total income actually received by workers. As *Business Week* puts it, "a reduction in wages lowers a worker's income and therefore reduces even further the total demand for goods in the economy." This is exactly like saying that Chrysler should not cut prices to sell more cars because the company would make more profit at a higher price.

If wage rates are kept up while prices are falling, labor costs soon wipe out any profit margin. The firm must at least lay off workers and possibly shut down. It is little comfort then to know that if jobs were available they would pay a higher wage rate. Pricing workers out of a job does not raise their income and aggregate demand. The higher wage rate simply cannot be paid, because consumers cannot or will not pay a price high enough to cover the cost.

Consumer prices fell 25 per cent by 1933, wholesale prices fell 31 per cent. "Wages," says *Business Week*, "suffered even sharper cuts." That simply is not true. Hourly wages of production workers in manufacturing declined significantly only in 1932, although consumer prices were falling sharply. As a result, *real* wage rates in manufacturing rose by 4.3 per cent from 1929 to 1933 (and by another 26.6 per cent from 1933 to 1937). In union building trades, wage rates rose even in nominal terms from 1929 to 1931—in the face of total collapse of construction. Even by 1933, *real* wage rates in union building trades were 15.3 per cent higher than in 1929. Real wage rates in coal mining were essentially unchanged from 1929 to 1933, but then rose 63.4 per cent by 1939.

In a 1931 article in *Essays in Persuasion*, Lord Keynes showed that he understood the consequences quite well: "The fall in prices relative to costs," wrote Keynes, "together with the psychological effect of high taxation, has destroyed the necessary incentive to production." There is, he added, "no possible means of curing unemployment except by restoring to employers a proper margin of profit."

President Hoover jawboned vigorously on behalf of keeping nominal wage rates up while prices were falling—that is, on behalf of rising unemployment. It apparently worked until 1932, at least within the most visible industries. Real wage rates rose in manufacturing and construction; employment plummeted.

Then we were hit with the National Recovery Act (NRA) from June 1933 to May 1935. With industry producing less than half of what it had produced in 1929, President Roosevelt somehow decided that we had to prevent "foolish overproduction." The NRA certainly did that, by preventing many prices and wage rates from adjusting to the shrunken money supply. With less production, of course, came less employment.

Real GNP had increased 12 per cent from the third quarter of 1932 to the second quarter of 1933; with NRA, production dropped almost 10 per cent in two quarters and stumbled along with little progress until the program ended. Industrial production was higher when the NRA started than when it ended.

As IF THINGS weren't bad enough, in 1932 the Hoover Administration put through the biggest percentage increase in taxes in peacetime history. A family earning $10,000 with four exemptions paid $40 in 1929, $416 in 1932. Roosevelt hiked taxes again in 1935 and almost routinely thereafter. By 1938, the corporate tax rate had gone from 11 to 19 per cent, top estate tax rates from 20 to 70 per cent, and top income tax rates from 24 to 79 per cent; in addition, new taxes had been levied on gifts and on jobs (payrolls). Since productive effort and investment depend largely on after-tax rewards, tax policy was well designed to encourage stagnation.

There was nonetheless a brief respite and recovery until 1937-38, when additional destructive policies created a sharp recession within a depression. Real GNP soared by 13.4 per cent in 1936. But minimum wage rates were enacted in 1937, and the Wagner Act, strengthening unions, was declared constitutional. There were more strikes in 1937 (4,720) than in any year between 1951 and 1967. Monetary policy was substantially tightened in 1937, with sharp increases in the discount rate and reserve requirements, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

total spending (nominal GNP) fell by 6.4 per cent in 1938. With wage rates again being pushed up and prices again falling, real wage rates and unemployment shot up, the stock market fell.

Public service jobs were financed by taxes and tariffs on productive activity, and the make-work jobs prevented the efficient relocation, adaptation, and use of skills. Unemployment rates were exaggerated by around five percentage points because nearly four million people in public-service employment were (with some justification) counted as not working.

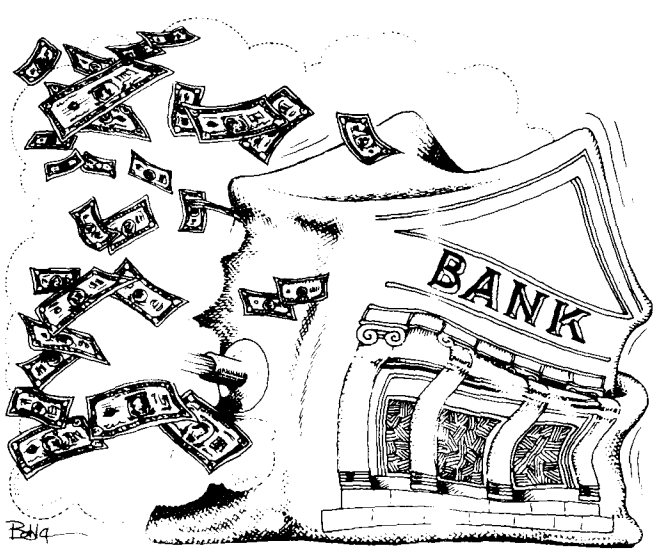
In January 1939, President Roosevelt announced the end of New Deal "reforms." Real output rose by 7.6 per cent in that year, followed by increases of 7.7 and 16.1 per cent in 1940 and 1941.

It is often said that the federal deficits of World War II pulled us out of the Depression, but that is misleading. Deficit spending was not significant until 1942, and it peaked in 1945 when measured real growth was less than half of what it was in 1941. Unemployment rates obviously looked much better, because the armed forces in 1945 were as numerous as the unemployed in 1934. Living standards, however, declined in the war. Consumption of durable goods fell 45 per cent from 1941 to 1945, and was no higher per person in 1944 than in 1932-33. The nation's real stock of capital fell 5 per cent from 1939 to 1944.

Measures of inflation were wildly understated during the war, because they failed to account for black markets and subsidies. As a result, real output and income figures were exaggerated by understating true costs. Even so, measured real earnings of workers did not rise at all from 1943 to 1948.

After-tax real profits, however, doubled from 1939 to 1944 and then doubled again by 1948. The improvement that undoubtedly did occur in business conditions was due to lowering real wage rates through wage controls and inflation. The profit share of National Income was 4.9 per cent in 1930-39, 14.1 per cent in 1940-49.

Inflation also helped to reduce the bite of Smoot-Hawley tariffs by about half. Tariffs were also cut explicitly, though gradually, after Secretary of State Cordell Hull pushed through the Reciprocal Trade Act of 1934. Average tariffs



In 1939 FDR announced the end of New Deal 'reforms.' Real output rose 7.6 per cent that year, followed by increases of 7.7 and 16.1 per cent in 1940 and 1941

on dutiable imports fell from almost 60 per cent in 1931 to 18.7 per cent in 1944-53, and the list of dutiable imports also shrank. Further tariff reductions followed the establishment of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in 1948, and the Kennedy Round of tariff cuts in 1962-67. As a result, world trade expanded by 8.2 per cent a year from 1956 to 1970, pulling most of the world's economies up through efficient specialization and exchange.

What happened during World War II is that we undid the depressing squeeze on profit margins and world trade, largely by inflating our way out of legislated costs.

Could the Great Crash happen again? In one sense, it already has. Professors Lawrence Fisher and James Lorie calculate that the real after-tax return on stocks was *minus* 6.6 per cent a year from 1929 to 1933; from 1972 to 1976, the annual real return to stockholders was about the same —minus 6.2 per cent. The duration of the Depression, however, was caused by more than "just" the stock market collapse.

Protectionism is certainly still a threat, though it now takes more subtle forms such as "voluntary" quotas. It is no coincidence that world trade has grown only half as fast in recent years as it did in the Sixties. Destructive rates of taxation are quite possible too, though they now occur through the effect of inflation in creating illusory profits, interest earnings, and capital gains to be taxed, and in pushing individuals into higher brackets. Least likely to be repeated is a massive collapse of the money supply. Deposit insurance does seem to keep bank runs from spreading, and the Federal Reserve has mastered the art of inflating.

There are some structural changes that probably prevent massive unemployment. For one thing, the service sector now accounts for nearly two-thirds of all employment. Spending on services (being harder to postpone) is not subject to the sharp swings that can hit construction and durable goods manufacturing.

The most commonly cited reasons for optimism are less plausible. The hope that improved economic management will protect us is now confronted with the third recession in a decade combined with the worst inflation in peacetime history. The old idea that unemployment benefits provide automatic stabilizers likewise clashes with growing evidence that such benefits lengthen unemployment and encourage activities leading to unemployment.

Perhaps the best reason to expect that a Great Depression will never again occur is that a small but growing band of scholars are finally beginning to grasp what caused it—namely, tariffs, taxes, monetary mismanagement, and political manipulation of wage rates and prices. Once the tail is placed on the right donkey, we at least know what to watch out for. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOSCOW VISIT

But Leave Me Out

NADJA JERNAKOFF

THE SKY over Moscow looked threatening as I set out, one afternoon, to pay an unannounced visit to the Russian writer Georgi Nikolaevich Vladimov. Several months earlier, on Human Rights Day, December 10, 1977, he had been put under house arrest, and I was not sure who would greet me upon my arrival. Still, it seemed worth a try.

The metro quickly took me to a part of Moscow where stations are no longer the showplaces heralded in tourist brochures and proudly displayed by Intourist guides. No bronze statues of squatting revolutionaries ready to jump at you from every niche; no mosaic tableaux adorning the ceiling—the stations are functional and unpretentious.

The building where Vladimov lives with his wife, Natasha, is part of an apartment complex of rather late vintage. I approached their apartment with a frantically beating heart, from a combination of anxiety and several flights of stairs. So far, so good, though; nothing in sight, save for a tan car with its hood raised, parked at the far end of the little cross-street. Surveillance? Perhaps.

Crush, Persecute

What brought me to Georgi Vladimov's doorstep was his latest novella, *Faithful Ruslan*, which had outraged the authorities. Vladimov had been in hot water ever since the moment when, as a member of the Writers' Union of the USSR, he stood up to defend a then fellow member, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. One thing led to another; finally Vladimov announced his withdrawal from the Union in a sharply worded letter which ended with the words:

> Remaining in this land, I, at the same time, do not wish to be with you. I exclude you from my life, not just in my name alone but in the name of all those whom you have excluded, whom you have "officially" condemned to destruction and oblivion . . . Carry on the burden of mediocrity, do what you are fit for and called upon to perform—crush, persecute, detain. But leave me out.

Two novels by Vladimov have been published in the Soviet Union—the second one, *Three Minutes of Silence*, not without difficulty. But his third work, *Faithful Ruslan*, about an "unemployed" guard dog barely subsisting at the edge of a newly dismantled labor camp, is his literary masterpiece—and his nemesis. The book deals with the heroic spirit of the dog trained from early puppyhood to guard prisoners in a labor camp. Stylistically it is a masterly blend of events told from the viewpoint of the dog—a tour de force of canine psychology—and an unseen narrator obviously well-acquainted with the hellish atmosphere of Gulag. The book reveals a topsy-turvy world where men have become animals and animals display human, even humane, qualities.

'Kto tam?'

The doorbell was answered by the words "*Kto tam?*"—Who's there?—in a nervous female voice whose owner almost instantly unlocked the door. I stood face to face with an elderly woman who had to be convinced that I came as a friend and well-wisher from America. My name told her nothing, apart from its being Russian. Meanwhile, I had no idea who she was and was not overly eager to divulge too much about myself. Vladimov was out, she explained; could I please state my business? Well, my business was simply to shake Vladimov's hand, express my admiration for *Ruslan*, and talk with him awhile if he was willing. Cautiously she allowed that he would be home next morning. Could I come back tomorrow at 9:30?

I breathed a sigh of relief, but she was still wary. I learned the next day from her daughter, Natasha Vladimov (for she turned out to be Vladimov's mother-in-law), that she had followed me down the stairs and into the street, but then somehow lost sight of me, her suspicion growing all the time. Mistrust born of harassment permeates their lives, Natasha told me apologetically; few days pass without an unnerving phone call, a provocative piece of mail, or a "goon's" appearance at their doorstep.

The apartment I was ushered into the next morning was modest and functional. Above the table in the living room hung a white crucifix; bookshelves lined the walls; a cat was asleep on a chair. Natasha, wearing a small cross around her neck, seemed as ebullient as her husband was low-key. Her first action was to disconnect the telephone, in order to block transmission from the bug it carried. That done, we spoke openly. An affinity of minds was soon established as I sat at the little table opposite Vladimov. He showed me the copy of *The New York Review of Books* where my translation of his letter of withdrawal from the Writers' Union had appeared. Friends had brought it to him from America. We talked of *Ruslan*; he knew his book was to come out in English but was unaware of the circumstances of publication. I was able to tell him that it was scheduled to be brought out by Simon & Schuster in spring 1979. He told me that very little news trickles in from outside, and if it is given by telephone, the conversation is sure to be broken off. Vladimov is now without hope of being read in Russia, an "un-

(Continues on page 1426)

Born in Brussels of Russian parents, Mrs. Jernakoff is an instructor in Russian at Union College in Schenectady, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blue jeans make great Bible covers.

Nowadays, more and more publishers of Bibles, diaries, schoolbooks and the like are choosing a product made in part from denim cuttings for their books' covers.

The product is called "specialty paperboard." It's one of many paper products we make. And its primary ingredient is waste—waste paper and waste cloth.

Specialty paperboard also has over 600 other uses, from gaskets to toothpaste cap liners, and the number grows daily as manufacturers discover that it's an attractive, economical alternative to plastic and leather.

We like that, of course. It's good for business, and it helps us conserve the resource we depend on.

Using waste as well as trees to make paper helps us to provide the jobs, products and profits all of us need while sustaining the forests all of us love.

Which is what we think you expect of us, and what we expect of ourselves.

Boise Cascade Corporation
A company worth looking at.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW CAN WE
TO LEARN WH
TAUGHT HIM H

It's ironic.

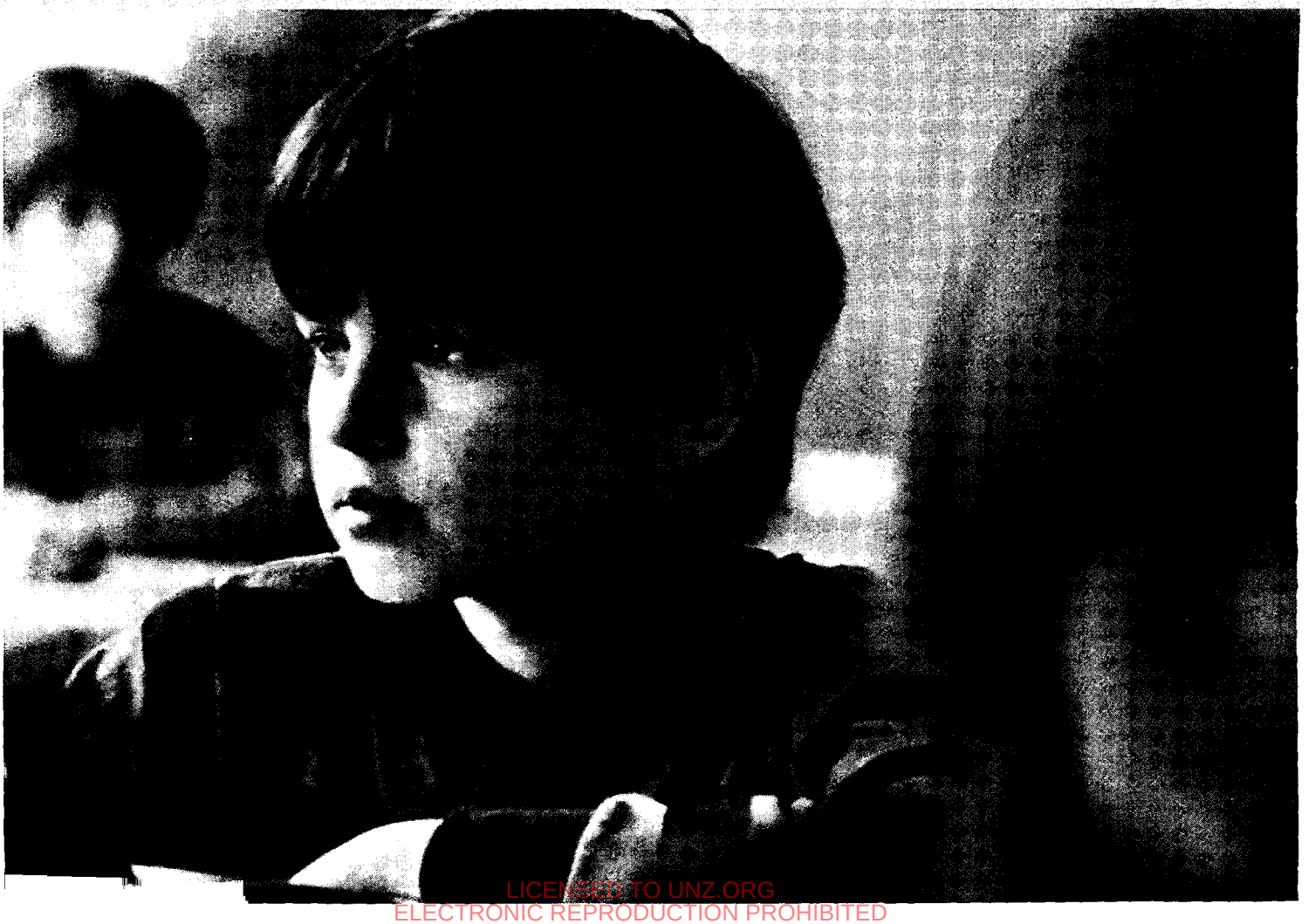
We teach children how to read, write and do arithmetic, but don't teach them the skill they need most to learn them.

How to listen.

(The bulk of a child's listening education consists of admonitions like "Pay attention!", "Open up your ears!", "Listen!")

And listening does need to be taught.

It's a difficult, intricate skill. And like other skills, it requires training. And practice.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPECT HIM EN WE HAVEN'T OW TO LISTEN.

In the few schools where listening programs have been adopted, listening comprehension among students has as much as doubled in just a few months.

We at Sperry are concerned about the listening problem. As parents. And as businessmen.

Denied a proper listening education as children, adults listen—according to research—at a pathetically low 25% level of efficiency.

And as a worldwide corporation with more than 87,000 employees, that's simply not efficient enough for us.

Which is why we've taken listening education into our own hands.

Listening has been a part of many Sperry training and development programs for years.

And we've recently set up expanded listening programs for Sperry employees worldwide. From sales representatives to computer engineers to the Chairman of the Board.

These programs are making us a lot better at listening to each other. And when you do business with Sperry Univac, or any of our other divisions, you're going to discover that they're making us a lot better at listening to you.

SPERRY

We understand how important it is to listen.

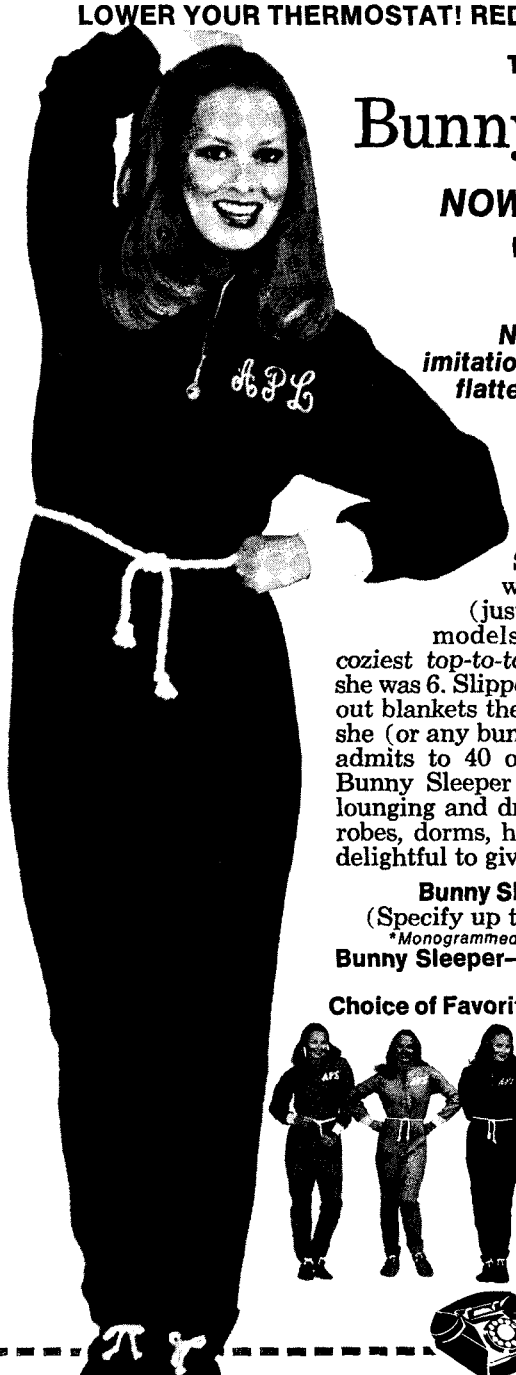
Sperry is Sperry Univac computers, Sperry New Holland farm equipment, Sperry Vickers fluid power systems, and guidance and control equipment from Sperry division and Sperry Flight Systems.

Test your listening skills.
Write to Sperry, Dept. 4B, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019 for a listening quiz that's both fun and a little surprising.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE WINTER COLD STAY COZY AND WARM

CONSERVE ENERGY YET LOUNGE AND SLEEP COMFORTABLY!
LOWER YOUR THERMOSTAT! REDUCE HEATING BILLS!



THE ORIGINAL

Bunny Sleeper

NOW . . . PERSONALIZED with an Embroidered 3-Letter Monogram

No skimpy, cut-down, cut-rate imitation, but a full fashioned, shape flattering, body-warming sleeper.

This is the original "wearable Blanket"—the grown-up version of a child's favorite, now in a frankly sexy, shape flattering, body-warming sleeper. Styled in fuzzy, soft machine-washable and dryable acrylic (just like the crib-set's still popular models), they zip a gal up in the coziest top-to-toe comfort she's known since she was 6. Slippers are detachable—even without blankets there's never a draft. So whether she (or any bunny on anyone's "special" list) admits to 40 or proudly announces 14, our Bunny Sleeper means deep-down luxury for lounging and dreaming. Perfect for ski wardrobes, dorms, holiday gifts . . . different and delightful to give or get.

Bunny Sleeper Monogrammed*
(Specify up to 3 Initials).....**$22.95** each.
**Monogrammed Bunny Sleepers are not returnable.*
Bunny Sleeper—*no* monogram ....**$17.95** each.

Choice of Favorite Colors

Baby Pink
Royal Blue
Sun Yellow
Fire Red

CONSULT THIS CHART FOR CORRECT SIZE	
If Height is:	Order this Size
Up to 5'2"	Small
5'2" to 5'4"	Medium
5'4" to 5'6"	Large
Over 5'6"	Extra Large

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS ONLY!
In a hurry and live outside N.Y. State?

CALL TOLL FREE: **800-833-2008** Dept. 5711
IN NEW YORK STATE CALL
800-342-6116 24 hours, 7 days a week

The GALLERY OF AMSTERDAM
Amsterdam, N.Y. 12010 Dept. 5711

4477X Bunny Sleeper with Monogram $22.95			
Quantity	Color	Size	Initials
4461X Bunny Sleeper NO Monogram $17.95			

PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED . . .
MAIL COUPON TODAY

Please send Bunny Sleeper(s) as indicated here. Add $3.00 per garment for shipping and handling. (New York residents add appropriate sales tax.)

Name_____
(Please Print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
☐ Charge my Credit Card or Bank Card # Indicated below:

☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
☐ Card Expiration Date_____ Bank #_____
Signature_____
© 1979 Amsterdam Printing and Litho Corp. Amsterdam, N.Y.

JERNAKOFF
(Continued from page 1422)

thinkable" situation for him; his wife is unemployed, and her mother's position has been "eliminated." Vladimov was understandably close-mouthed about his own work, but with a wink and a gesture of his right hand he let me know that he continues to write.

Our conversation flowed on, while we had a cup of instant coffee (obviously a gift from friends) and a glass of Russian brandy. Yet during all that time Natasha never once sat down, but stood with her back to the window I was facing. At first this unusual position, which prevented me from seeing her face clearly, distracted me, until I realized that she was shielding us from observation from the building across the yard. Her protective gesture endeared her to me more than anything she might have said.

Since his withdrawal from the Writers' Union, Georgi Vladimov has taken on the chairmanship of the unofficial Moscow chapter of Amnesty International, and in that capacity had just been invited to attend an AI conference in London. The day before our meeting, he had visited the offices of the Bureau of Visas and Registrations in an attempt to secure an exit visa to attend the conference. Permission was, of course, denied.

'All I Want'

My all too brief visit was coming to an end; I was leaving Moscow that very morning. I kissed my two new friends goodbye; then, as I exchanged a few last words with Vladimov, I glanced at Natasha, still standing by the window, her eyes filled with tears. I sensed that at that moment she would have been overjoyed to step into my shoes, to leave that apartment, that city, that country, free and unconstrained, to go wherever and whenever she chose. But that is not her lot.

Nor is it that of Georgi Vladimov. His craft happens to be the shaping of contemporary Russian literature, and, as its instrument, the shackled voice of this sensitive and highly talented writer cries out to all civilized people across what Vladimov has called the "most dependable frontier in the world": "All I want is the freedom to write for my people as I see fit and to be read in my own language." ☐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Extremism as a Virtue

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

THE LIBERAL conscience, which used to be affronted by extremism on the Right, has more recently been affronted by extremism on the Left. Democratic capitalism has today become the object of extremist emotions and wildly unreasoned rhetoric as a testimony to moral virtue. Dorothee Sölle, for example, a distinguished theologian at Union Theological Seminary, recently wrote as an aside in an article in *Christianity and Crisis* (July 23) a phrase heated enough for Earl Butz, Spiro Agnew, Andrew Young, Daniel Berrigan, or William Stringfellow. In fact, she quoted without disavowal a phrase of the last two: "the mad capitalist murder machine."

On the subject of murder, one would have expected a socialist to be rather more circumspect. Ignoring the unforgettable details Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has provided on the millions who languish in the Gulag Archipelago; ignoring the "boat people"; ignoring heaps of corpses in Cambodia; ignoring millions dead in the various socialist republics of Africa—Dr. Sölle seems to be claiming to discern murder at work in the twenty or so examples of democratic capitalism. From which parts of the world do people flee? In which do they seek refuge?

Then there is the adjective "mad." There seem to be no examples at all, outside the twenty-some democratic capitalist nations, of a free press, due process, electoral suffrage, trial by jury, and other institutions of liberty. Does Dr. Sölle mean that it is "mad" to have democratic institutions?

Perhaps Dr. Sölle really intends to say, with Hegel, that human history is a butcher's bench. Perhaps she is not speaking of capitalism at all, but of human nature and history. But she does seem to wish to distinguish "capitalist" from *something*. She wishes that she, Johannes Metz, and others had been more honest a decade ago when they wrote of "political theology," where they really meant "socialism." Such sly deceptions are, in fact, common among socialists who, operating as they say they do from pure consciousness, cannot claim in such matters to be self-deceived.

Dr. Sölle writes: "Our normal [Protestant] concept of history is anti-Christian. We are caught by the normal capitalistic experiences of powerlessness, determination from the outside, uncontrollability of life." Surely, she is not thinking of Horatio Alger. She is not thinking of enterprise. She is not thinking of invention, discovery, production, marketing, economic activism. She is not thinking of the millions of peasants, beginning in the eighteenth century, who had the enterprise to flee from peasant feudalism to centers of democratic capitalism, both in Europe and in America. Dr. Sölle seems to be thinking of some world apart from the everyday world in which we experience the massive spiritual activism of democratic capitalism.

THE FUNCTION OF a phrase like "mad capitalist murder machine" is to stir passions, not intellect. More exactly, its function is to relieve inner feelings of resentment and hostility. Such a phrase commends itself for its boldness. But extremism in the defense of expanded state power is no more a virtue than extremism in the defense of liberty. It is, however, slightly more dangerous.

Indeed, abstractions of powerlessness bewitch the Left, abstractions like "on the side of history," "structures," "forces of modernization." Each of these abstractions abstracts from the liberty of individuals. Against such abstract forces, no individual can stand. In this sense, left-wing thinking, uncriticized, is in praxis opposed both to individual liberty and to democracy.

Andrew Young desires that the U.S. get "on the side of history" in Africa; and Zbigniew Brzezinski in *Between Two Worlds* urges Americans to respect "forces" that individuals (let alone nations) cannot control. Such statements seem to neglect the fact that history *is* made possible by liberty, possible only because individuals make non-necessary decisions, do not do what is expected, predicted, or probable. Such statements offer a recipe for American passivity. Worse, they mask the real activism—in money, parties, organizations, agents, troops, and guns—of Soviet "socialism" and its "non-aligned" allies. History has no direction of its own. Individuals conceive and direct trends, forces, and historical processes.

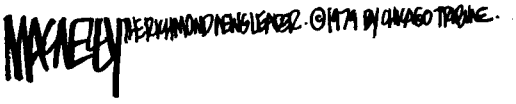
The trend of our present world is dark indeed. As in 1939, so in 1979 the power of a totalitarian state with explicit hegemonic ambitions is on the move. As in 1939, so in 1979, the democratic capitalist nations seem mesmerized by a superior power, which they tell themselves does not exist or is not serious. As in 1939, so in 1979, the list of victims falling under the sway of the expanding totalitarian power is larger than it was a year earlier. As in 1939, so in 1979, the leadership of the undermanned, obsolete armies of the West is pitifully weak and lacking in courageous intellect, while ordinary people restlessly await a doom many feel in their bones.

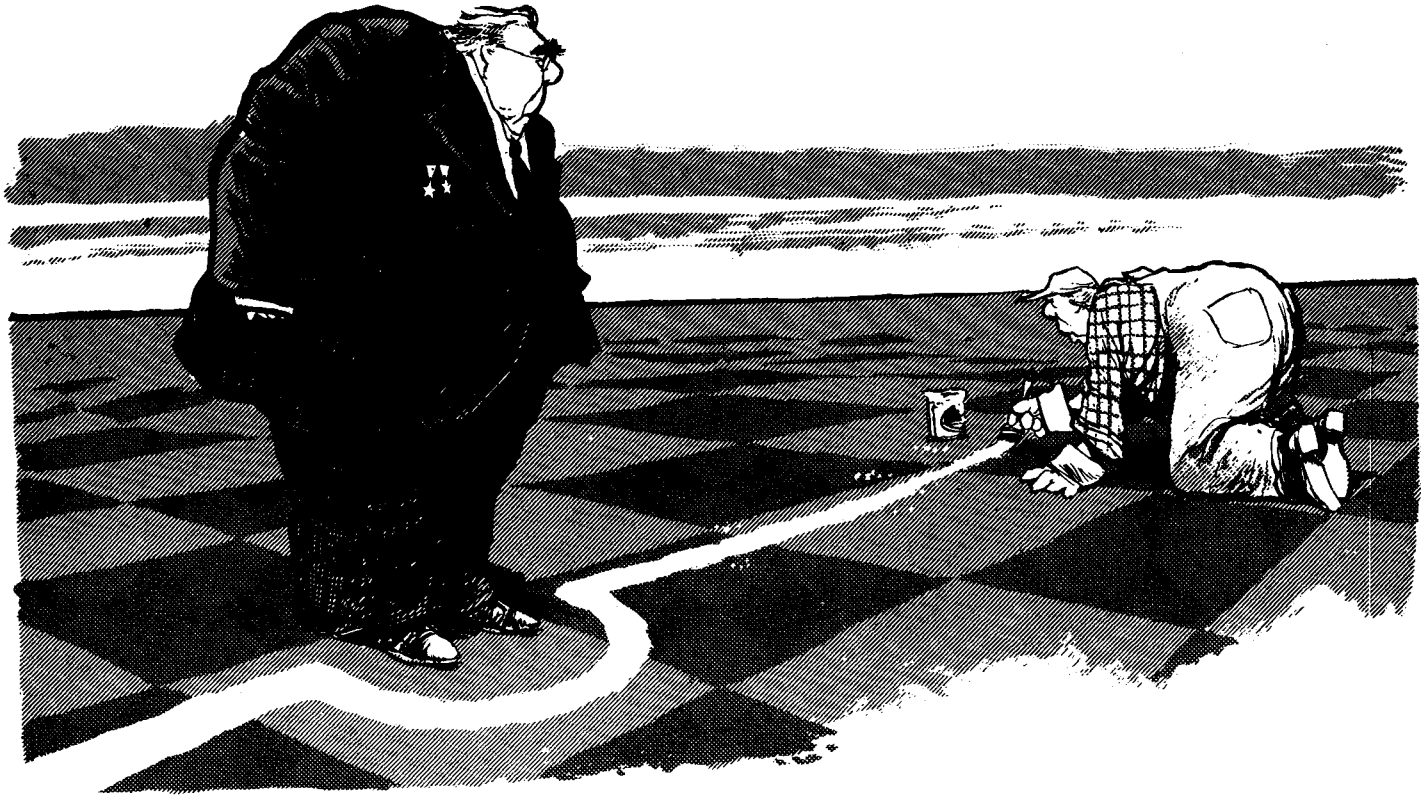
Reality will impress itself upon the 1980s. Reinhold Niebuhr's journal, *Christianity and Crisis*, was established even as the Nazi storm was breaking over the 1940s. It is something of a disgrace to find such extremism as that of Dr. Sölle in the very pages Niebuhr honored, while a new totalitarian state now gathers power with a scope Hitler only dreamed of.

The distance between belief and reality makes verbal excess necessary. Rhetorical extremism is the only virtue left when, in practice, Marxism does not and cannot produce what its myths predict. The world has now had at least thirty years of experience with socialisms of many kinds. Apart from those nations whose institutions retain a strong basis in democratic capitalism (Scandinavia and Israel, for example), socialism holds huge populations in relative poverty, inequality, political bondage, and common alienation. No less do socialist laborers yield "surplus value" than democratic capitalist laborers; they share in less of it. Unable to be empirical or pragmatic, the Marxified mind has no other choice but verbal excess. In practice, the socialist dream is empty; in the caverns of its emptiness many shout the louder. □

Mr. Novak is currently a resident scholar of the American Enterprise Institute. He also writes a column, "Illusions and Reality," for Universal Press Syndicate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROTHCO

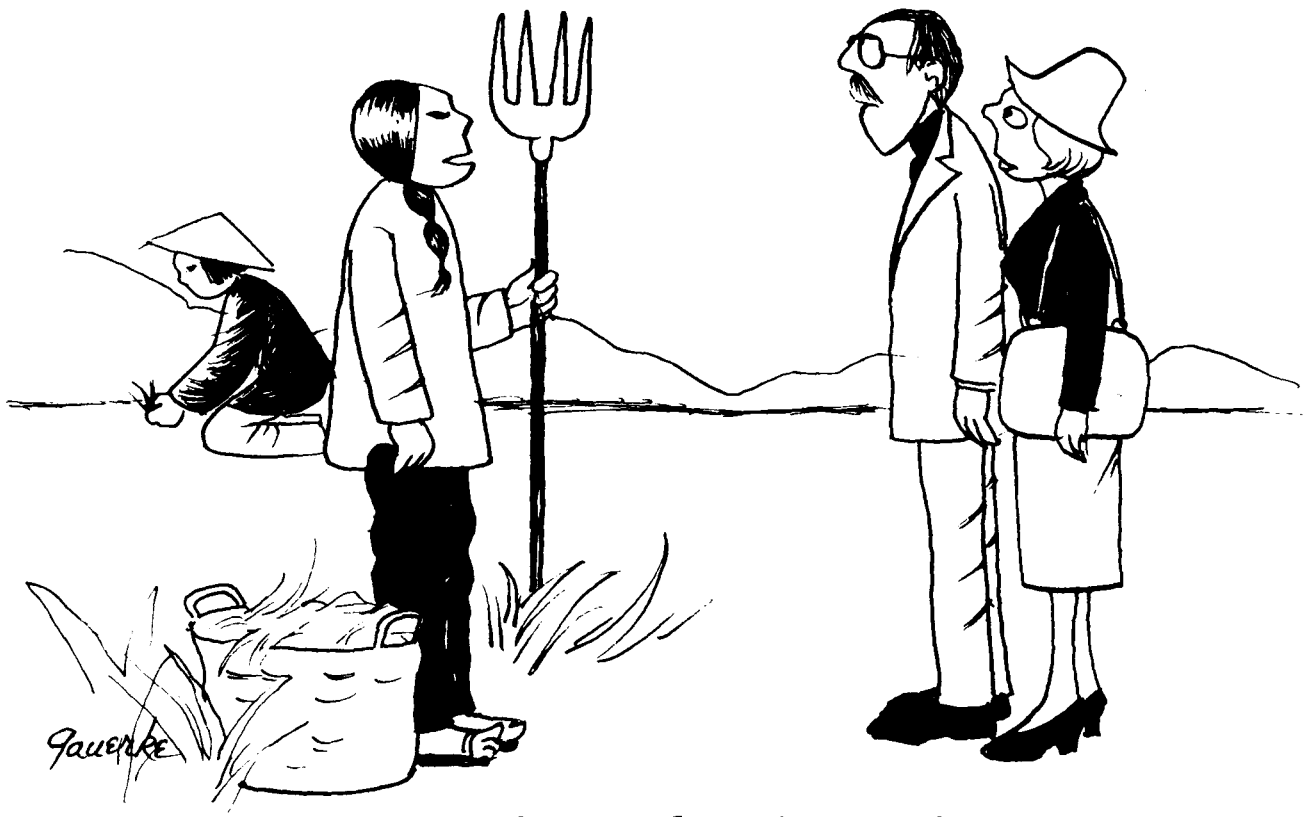
Langdon, *Punch*

"I'd rather not disturb him—he's trying to think up a major issue which Mrs. T. won't do a U-turn on."

Demonetizing Gold

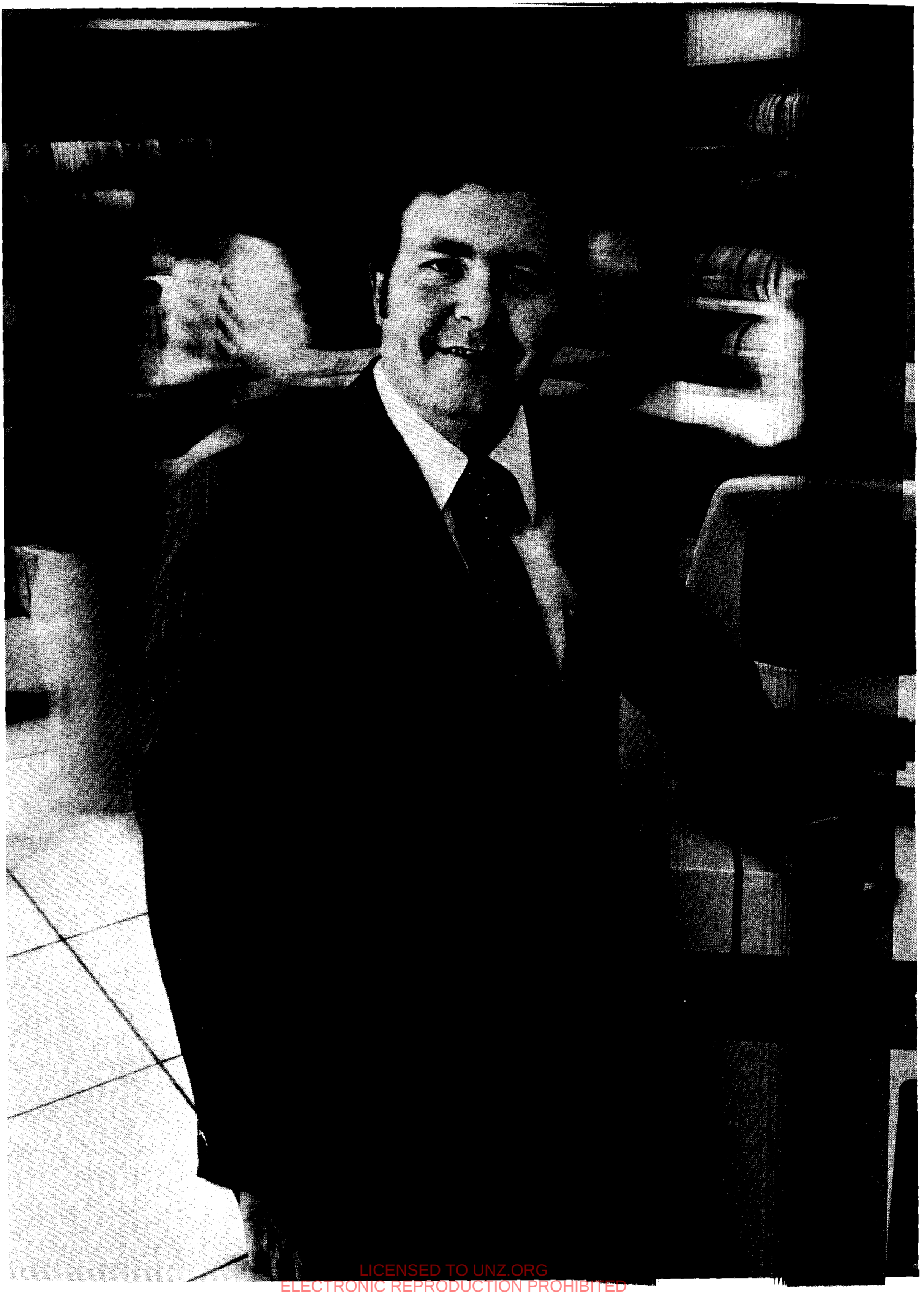
Each month we auction off some gold,
But not because it's full of mold:
We simply don't believe it's sound
To keep those ingots in the ground.
Barbaric relics are a bore,
So while the Arabs scream for more,
We'll sell until we're in a rut
With Mother Hubbard and her mutt.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Of course, there are no flies in China. When the Communists take over, there's a shortage of everything."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HASTE MAKES LESS WASTE."

Stephen Winn, President
Fast-Tax (Computer Language Research, Inc.)
Dallas, Texas

Stephen Winn heads one of the most aptly named organizations in America.

Fast-Tax is a computer company that processes taxes. Fast.

Hundreds of thousands of income tax returns are sent here from prominent accounting firms all over the world. And Fast-Tax processes them at speeds of up to a million pages a day.

What's amazing about Fast-Tax isn't that it's so efficient or so fast—but rather that it's both at the same time.

How do they do it? With the help of over 1100 hard-working employees, computers and Xerox 9700 electronic printing systems.

All incoming tax information is fed into a computer. The Xerox system takes this information and, using laser beams, does the staggering job of accurately printing all the returns.

It not only selects and prints the proper forms, but actually fills them out at the same time. It makes the necessary number of sets, and even collates them automatically. All this in a fraction of the time, space and effort it would take otherwise.

Which enables Fast-Tax to manage information the way it should be managed.

With a minimum of waste. And a maximum of haste.

XEROX

XEROX® and 9700 are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK TUESDAY

A CHILD OF THE DEPRESSION

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL impact of the Great Depression was as profound as the economic impact of the crash and its aftermath. The Crash—Black Tuesday—occurred on October 29, 1929. But the resulting Depression lasted almost until the beginning of World War II.

The Depression meant many things to many social elements. It swept away institutions and attitudes. Perhaps the most devastating blow was the failure of nine thousand banks. It impoverished or greatly reduced the economic circumstances of an upper middle class that had prospered in the 65 years since the Civil War. It was one of the two great crises in American history—the other was the Civil War—that shattered national unity. The Depression sharpened the economic agony of the South; it brought about new relations between labor and management; it sent a shock wave through every stratum of American society. But it didn't radicalize the American people or alter the fundamentals of our constitutional system.

The Depression was an intensely personal experience, affecting individuals, families, and communities. It meant one thing to a child in an industrial worker's family and another to a child, as I was, in an upper middle class, professional family. Each individual, each class, each region suffered a heavy blow, nevertheless, as a result of the breakdown of the American economic system. Even the wealthy who suffered no direct loss felt the earthquake effect of a society in a state of widespread collapse. In a way, the changes that took place in the United States from 1928 to 1933 were as sweeping as those that took place in Russia between 1913 and 1918, though no violence was involved.

The before and after change in my family was not as staggering as it was in many others. Nevertheless, it affected my life enormously.

Before the Depression, when I was a child, my family lived at 4 East 91st Street in Manhattan—then an affluent area. My father, who received his medical education at Columbia University and the University of Berlin after early schooling with private tutors, was a highly regarded, financially successful physician, the chief attending surgeon at St. Francis Hospital.

My parents employed a cook, maid, and chauffeur. My sister attended Miss Nightingale's school and I went to the kindergarten at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth Avenue. We summered in the Adirondacks at our family home which had more than twenty rooms and a quarter of a mile of beautiful beach. We had boats and tennis courts as well as fifty acres of maples, pines, and birches. One summer our family went to Europe aboard the liner *Minnetonka.* Nurses stayed with us in London—we played in Kensington Park—while our parents toured France and Germany. In New York, our parents spent much time at the opera, concerts, and recitals. My father was a fine pianist and practiced every day.

As a child, I played in Central Park under the watchful eye of a Scottish nurse, Maggie, and later, a governess, Miss K, who came from Denmark. I recall that our chauffeur, Rudolf, often drove me to see the waterfall in the park. My sister had a Swiss nurse, Louise Wirtz.

Many impressions of that halcyon time flood my memory—trips to Schrafft's for chocolate ice cream, a box of watercolors my father bought me, croquet on the lawn at our summer house, the arrival of my father's new motorboard. In short, the life our family led was the life of comfortably situated, professional people in New York City.

My father, like many other doctors in the late Twenties, was advised to invest in the stock market. The great majority of his funds were invested in the stock of the National City Bank, whose president was boundlessly optimistic about a rising market. My father's lifetime savings, apart from insurance, disappeared in the Crash. Four years later, my father was dead of a stroke. Ever since the crash, he had been a desperately overworked, worried man, shaken by the reverses in his fortunes. There were countless other cases like his among our friends.

My mother kept our house in the Adirondacks after my father's death. Who was interested in buying such a property in the 1930s? But we returned to her hometown, Charleston, South Carolina, and to a host of relatives. We traveled south in our Cadillac limousine. One of my uncles had the good sense to sell it for $300 the day before the banks were closed. Fortunately, my mother had a small income—$125 a month—from insurance policies. That's a tiny sum now, but in 1932 it was sufficient to maintain us in modest, respectable style. Moreover, Charleston was a chronically poor city. It was, in the local phrase, "too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash."

Life in Charleston in 1932 was a far cry from Park Avenue,

Mr. Harrigan is president of the United States Industrial Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however. Our servants, save one, returned to Europe. Mary Gaal, who was born in Slovakia, remained with us, receiving what my mother could afford—$25 a month. She was part of the family.

Like most of the South, Charleston had known depression since 1865. Many of the old mansions were in ruins or used as tenements. But the Great Depression brought fresh hardship. This was especially the case in the countryside. I well recall Negro tenant cabins, whose walls were covered with newspapers to keep out the cold.

Even during the worst of the Depression, however, people in downtown Charleston (below Broad Street, as they say) had servants. Labor was the cheapest commodity. A cook received between $3 and $5 a week. My aunt's cook and maid came to the house seven days a week, arriving early enough to cook breakfast. John Simmons, a skilled black man who worked part time for one of my uncles, asked 25 cents for several hours of cutting lightwood. People in the town took in each other's wash; hard money was almost non-existent. In the North, conditions were no less difficult, though somewhat different because of the different lifestyle.

AGAIN IMPRESSIONS of the period flood my memory: Living in a small apartment over a drugstore in Garden City, L.I. . . . listening to radio commentator Gabriel Heatter (my uncle called him gas heater) talking about the unemployment in the land . . . stopping at a greasy spoon restaurant in Emporia, Va., on our way north . . . the thrill of buying a 10-cent hot-dog in a diner in Hempstead, L.I., a rare treat . . . my Uncle Harry's little country house on Edisto Island, S.C., which was made of a big packing crate . . . the terrible fear of debt among adults . . . the batch of useless Phoenix National Bank checks that we had in the living room of our summer house—checks we referred to as "Phoney Phoenix" . . . the lonesome sound of steam locomotive whistles as my cousin Bobby Harrigan and I carried ginger ale bottles to the store to collect pennies . . . whitewashed tree trunks in the yards of "crackers" in McPhersonville, S.C., the little town where my mother was born . . . broken seats in the classroom at Crafts School in Charleston . . . the delivery of coal to apartments in New York, with the truck driver and helper using canvas bags . . . a water pump in the kitchen of my Aunt Martha's house in the Adirondacks, and a two-seater amenity in the yard . . . listening to my sister and my older cousins dancing to the handcranked Victrola with the record of "Playing the Rumba on the Tuba Down in Cuba" . . . my mother buying a slightly used gas stove for the kitchen, a reckless expenditure . . . NRA blue eagles in the window of Ohlandt's grocery store, where I gazed at the penny candy in the glass case.

The Depression, in sum, was a time of privation and drastic modification in style of living for people who had been accustomed to a good life for several generations. The amazing thing is that the American people took it all with courage, good humor, and a willingness to help the down and out, sharing with friends and neighbors. Those who had been wealthy weren't bitter, as a rule. A few were driven to desperate acts, but only a few. The majority faced reality and maintained their personal dignity. Leftism flourished in certain industrial cities, but principally in those areas and among those elements that had a history of radicalism going back to the end of the nineteenth century. In the blighted countryside, where there were so many farm foreclosures, faith in the American system remained strong.

IN THE NORTH, my father's family continued to be rock-ribbed Republicans and strongly opposed to Franklin Roosevelt. In the South, my mother's family feared the social experiments of the New Deal. But Southern attitudes were tempered by political allegiance to the Democratic Party and an awareness, even among staunch conservatives, that the flow of federal money into the South had a life-giving effect in a historically deprived region. For the first time in decades, the South was treated as part of the nation, not simply a resource base.

In viewing the Depression in retrospect, we can ask a number of questions. What would the country have been like if it hadn't occurred? Would the South have been reincorporated and revitalized without the aid it received during the New Deal? What would have been our psychological condition and moral fitness as a nation if the Depression hadn't steeled us for global warfare?

The life of the nation in the early and mid-Twenties was good in many ways, productive and comfortable. In other ways, the United States was in trouble. The deterioration of farming regions provided the country with a weak, unstable base. This was especially the case with the rural South, which was in a condition beyond its power to improve. The Depression was harsh in its impact on the South and the Plains States, but it led to innovation and renewed health.

When World War II broke on the United States, the nation was prepared, its spirit had been refined in the crucible of Depression. Hard times produced strong people who were eager to fight for their country and to build the arsenal it needed.

The Depression generation, like the post-Civil War generation in the South, came to maturity with a realistic view of life and a keen awareness of the possibility of failure in human institutions. It had lost the open-ended optimism of the 1920s and the willingness to speculate.

While the shaping process continued in World War II, with the new sense of American might, and with the happy Eisenhower years of the 1950s, the cautious approach to life brought about by the Depression formed a kind of psychological bedrock. Thus the children of the Depression aren't surprised that the nation once again faces troubled times and that the shock wave of inflation is eroding America's once unmatched standard of living. The children of the Depression aren't, however, eager to relive anything like what they experienced in the 1930s. Once is enough. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. STANTON EVANS

Crime and Gun Control

ELEVEN YEARS AGO, in a reflexive effort to "do something" about the murders of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, Congress passed the Gun Control Act of 1968. It was a fairly typical instance of federal policy-making under stress—with results that could have been, and were, predicted.

The object of the gun law was to cut down on violent crime committed with firearms, and to this end it imposed a host of restrictions on the sale, collection, and use of guns and ammunition. In addition, it conferred extensive powers of enforcement on the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (BATF) of the Department of the Treasury—previously best known for its attempts to crack down on the illicit production and sale of "moonshine" liquor.

To the surprise of virtually no one who has studied such matters, the Gun Control Act has done little to impede the growth of crime in our society. All the indices of criminal activity—including armed robbery, assault, and homicide—continued moving upward at their accustomed giddy rate through the middle 1970s, with no evidence that the '68 law had affected the problem in any way whatever. All of which suggests, to those who favor gun control, that the law didn't go nearly far enough, and that other, more stringent, gun laws are needed in its stead.

A number of congressmen and senators, however, have come up with a different reading of the subject. They note that, while the '68 law has done nothing to alter behavior patterns among the criminal element, it has done a great deal to infringe the liberties of the law-abiding. In particular, they charge, the law has been used to harass citizens engaged in the perfectly innocent sale and collection of guns, and has given BATF inordinate power to enforce unreasonable regulations on people who have not committed any sort of crime.

A number of examples are pointed out by Senator James McClure (R., Idaho) and Representative Harold Volkmer (D., Mo.). They note that, under the existing gun law, there is no clear definition of what constitutes "engaging in the business" of selling firearms and ammunition—and charge that BATF refuses to provide one. As a result, a given individual may be 1) denied a dealer's license on the grounds that his level of transactions is too small to constitute a business; and 2) cited by BATF thereafter for doing business without a license.

McClure and Volkmer cite numerous other such examples under the existing law: searches and seizures without sufficient probable cause, seizure of firearms that have nothing to do with any alleged criminal violation, onerous record-keeping requirements, enforcement of regulations that were never intended by Congress, etc. The net effect, they charge, is to constrict the freedom of the law-abiding citizen, while doing nothing to slow the incidence of crime. These lawmakers have accordingly proposed a comprehensive bill to right the situation—the Federal Firearms Law Reform Act of 1979.

Stricter Guidelines

McClure is the principal sponsor of this legislation in the upper chamber (S-1862), where it has quickly obtained some 31 co-sponsors, ranging from Mark Hatfield (R., Ore.) and Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) on the Left, to Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) and Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.) on the Right. Joining Volkmer as co-sponsors in the House (HR-5225) are Representatives Michael Synar (D., Okla.), John Ashbrook (R., Ohio), James Sensenbrenner (R., Wis.), Robert Bauman (R., Md.), and 25 other congressmen.

In form, the McClure-Volkmer bill is a series of amendments to the 1968 law. It seeks to straighten out the definitional ambiguities of the 1968 act, lay down stricter guidelines for BATF enforcement activities, and overturn specific measures the agency has taken which, in the view of the legislators, violate the intent of Congress and/or the liberties of the citizen. The effect would be to leave the basic elements of the gun law in place, but to eliminate the loopholes for abuse.

Punishing Criminals

Among other features, the McClure-Volkmer legislation would 1) establish clear standards for determining who is "engaging in the business" of dealing in firearms; 2) require BATF to have reasonable grounds for believing a violation of the law to have occurred before entering and inspecting the premises of a licensee; 3) establish a "legislative veto" procedure for BATF regulations concerning firearms, and, specifically, nullify a rule concerning the sale of powder, assertedly contrary to the original will of Congress; 4) create a uniform standard for sales to out-of-state residents—an activity that is currently subject to immense confusion.

Also, the reform bill seeks to strengthen existing law in the other direction, beefing up the mandatory sentencing provisions for crimes committed with a firearm. Under McClure-Volkmer, a defendant committing a second violent offense involving a gun would be ineligible for probation or parole until his minimum sentence had been completed. The thrust of the amendments, in other words, is to minimize harassment of the average citizen, while tightening penalties on the criminal.

The latter distinction, of course, goes to the heart of the controversy. Gun control proponents, by and large, are reluctant to hold individual offenders accountable for their behavior—preferring to assign the blame for aberrant conduct to external factors, in this case the availability of firearms, and the society which permits them. The forces behind the reform bill, on the other hand, believe responsibility for criminal behavior should be assessed against the criminal, rather than being imposed on society at large, or blamed on an inanimate object. The way to cope with crime, these people argue, is to punish the guilty. It just might work. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Pay Up Or Quit.

For Ollie Robinson and 36 co-workers for the Housing Authority of Kansas City, Mo., the wheels of justice rolled, but slowly.

Without the help of a national legal foundation they might not have rolled at all.

When Ollie Robinson first came to work for the Housing Authority in 1960, there was no union. Robinson voluntarily joined the union in 1966, when it came in, because he believed workers needed the protection of strong labor unions.

All new employees hired by the Housing Authority after July, 1966, for maintenance jobs were forced to join the union and pay dues to keep their jobs. "I didn't have any idea," says Robinson that "the requirement to join was illegal." He didn't know that Missouri state law prohibits public officials and unions from requiring public employees to join a union to work for their own government.

But one day Ollie Robinson and his co-workers started paying more attention to "their" union. Officials doubled their dues—without asking them.

Robinson and his co-workers tried to resign from the union but were told they couldn't. They had no money for a lawyer. Many were afraid of losing their jobs.

Finally, one of them contacted the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation and the wheels of justice started moving. A law suit was filed. The Housing Authority quickly agreed to a consent decree—permanently preventing it from requiring employees to maintain union membership to keep their jobs.

The union, however, did not join in the decree. Five years of litigation were necessary to force the union to heed the law. Finally, in 1979 the Housing Authority employees received refunds of the union dues illegally taken from them.

Ollie Robinson was fortunate. He found help. But how many other Ollie Robinsons are there in America who don't know where to go for help?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 100 cases involving academic freedom, political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

For more information on how you can help workers like Ollie Robinson write:

The National Right to Work
Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Va. 22038

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Good Stuff

The Right Stuff
By Tom Wolfe
Farrar, 436 pp., $12.95

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

While Tom Wolfe was working on *The Right Stuff*, he tired of his white suits and bought a yellow one instead (which, by his own admission, set the dogs to barking and small children to rubbing their eyes when he wore it in the street). But the berserk aesthetic did not transfer itself to his prose, which is his plainest to date; almost totally absent is the accustomed ornamentation of ellipses, italics, one-line paragraphs, and machine-gun-fire exclamation points. *The Right Stuff* is not stylistically "original" or self-conscious, but it is shrewd, polished, and accomplished. Look at the jacket photo, man! *Tom Wolfe*—wearing a quietly elegant pinstripe suit, with a white silk tie and matching handkerchief: the Loud Boy of the old New Journalism, all toned down for a Locust Valley wedding!

None of this, by the way, is intended to denigrate his newest job. *The Right Stuff* is the first book in which Wolfe is not dealing with some aspect of the Now Generation; in fact, it comes as something of a shock to remember that the selection of the first seven astronauts for the Gemini project was made *twenty years ago*. Twenty years, to an academician or an ordinary journalist, is only yesterday, of course; but to Tom Wolfe it is an eon, and any event which occurred deep down in that abandoned layer of sedimentation offers a professional risk to a man whose reputation rests on his contemporaneity. Well . . . Wolfe faced up to it, with all his righteous stuff (as he would say). He told the reporter for *W* magazine that he finally said to himself, Look, use the New Journalism technique where it is appropriate, and don't be afraid to fall back on the manner of the traditional essayist the rest of the time. *And it worked! The book is terrific!! Fantastic!!! And where does our man go from here??!!!* (Oh heck, sorry, folks. . . . *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*)

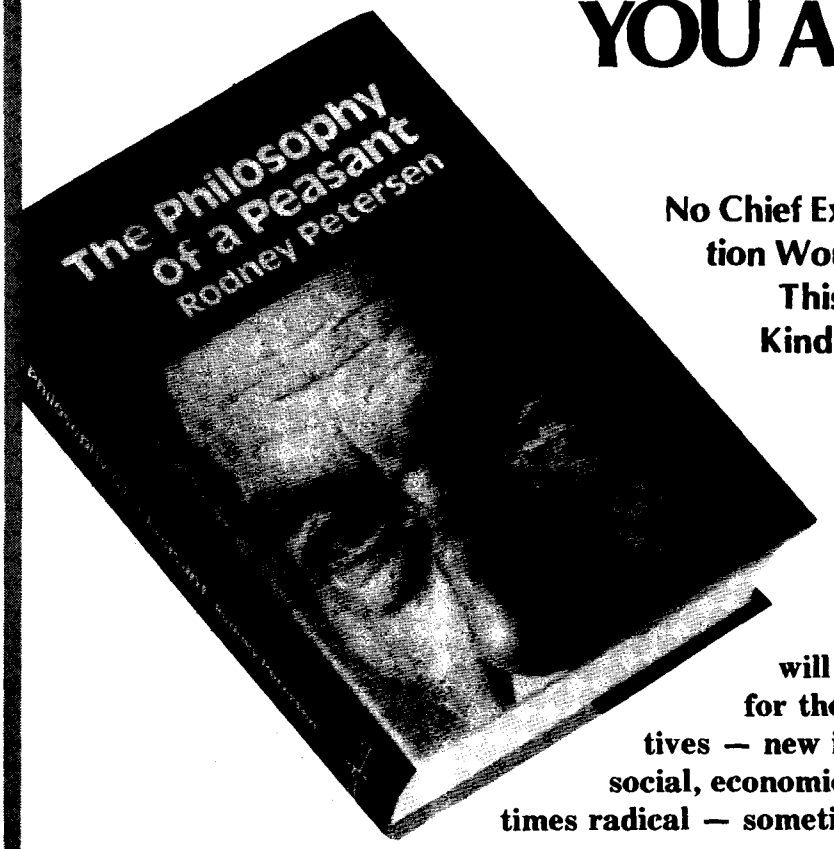
YOU SEE, he *had* to go that way. First of all, he is talking about technology, politics, and bureaucracy, and it is almost impossible to treat that kind of stuff the way you would Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters or Leonard Bernstein's Panther Party. Also, Wolfe's prose is usually at its most acrobatic and breathtaking when taking little bites out of its subject. And, in the case of these test pilots and astronauts, he really does like and admire them. Wolfe may be no closer to small-town Protestant America than he is to a hipster commune, and he does find it all a trifle . . . amusing . . . but he is also touched by them, and a little proud of them. They flew those X-Whatever planes to "push the outside of the envelope"! They risked their lives as Single Combat Warriors to challenge the Russians in the heavens! They climbed the ziggurat of the Right Stuff (that ineffable quality of the soul, which determination and zeal may reinforce, but to which they are not sufficient)! In the face of the Right Stuff, all the fun-poking at the monkeypod tables in the test pilots' homes, the beer-call and hot rods (Drinking & Driving and Driving & Drinking), the plain down-home Middle America styles and values and pieties, does not so much fall flat as simply mellow out. Taking an acid trip is not in the same order of accomplishment as taking a space trip—and Wolfe gives credit where credit is due.

SO THE RIBALD and corrosive irony of the earlier Wolfe takes on more muted tones, and even tender ones. *The Right Stuff* is a slightly melancholy book, being the tale of the ultimate American Success Story—which was never properly understood by America. Here you have these superb test pilots, hanging (as Wolfe says) their hide over the edge each day in such morose and obscure parts of the continent as the Southwestern salt flats, where they lived a life more single-minded (except for Driving & Drinking and Drinking & Balling) than most monks. They were happy at Muroc (later Edwards Air Force Base), drinking at Pancho's, screwing the tootsies who came to be almost as prevalent as the little salt-flat shrimps, flying their black ugly rocket planes, basking

Hadley Arkes *is a professor of Political Science at Amherst College.* . . . **John M. Buckley** *is a recent graduate of Hampshire College who has written for a number of rock magazines.* . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.***'s book,* Saltbound, *will be published by Methuen in March. He is currently on location in Wyoming, working on another.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU HAVE A GUT FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG— YOU ARE RIGHT!



No Chief Executive of a Global Corporation Would Dare to Write a Book Like This. But Rod Petersen Quit That Kind of Job to Research and Write *"The Philosophy of a Peasant."*

This book could shock you and make you angry — you may disagree — but it will make you think. It offers hope for the future with bold new perspectives — new ideas — new approaches to our social, economic and political problems. Sometimes radical — sometimes conservative — sometimes liberal — but always logical.

Chapters on: Inheritance and Wealth ... Peasants, Intellectuals and Aristocrats ... Population and Collision ... Energy ... Inflation ... Education ... Communication ... Religion ... The Moralities ... Racism and Discrimination ... Taxation, Representation and the Vote ... Government ... Management ... The City ... The Corporation ... The Media ... Advertising ... Law and Order ... Public Morality ... Weapons in the Home and on the Person ... Conservation and Environmentalism ... The Military, Welfare Services and Human Resources ... Medical Care and Health Services ... Our Future.

People in business seldom speak out. Petersen has. He writes from the vantage point of a brilliant business career — from the bottom to the top — capped by years of research. Now successful in his own ventures, without the umbrella of a huge corporation, he writes exactly as his intellect and his conscience dictate — with no holds barred.

"It had to be done," says the author. "We don't have much time. Our young people must have some reason for which to live, and some rules by which to live. They want the truth."

554 pages of easy-to-read print in premium quality hardcover binding and jacket.

Order direct from the publisher, InterAction Books, Dept. 114, RD No. 1, Highway 5 — South, Heber Springs, AR., 72543, U.S.A. Send $12.95 (or its foreign currency equivalent) per copy by check or money order. Satisfaction assured or money refunded on written request within 60 days from date of order. If you want to charge by Visa or Master Charge, give us your card number, expiration date and signature.

Or order through your bookstore, ISBN #0-932808-00-X, published 1979.

INTERACTION BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

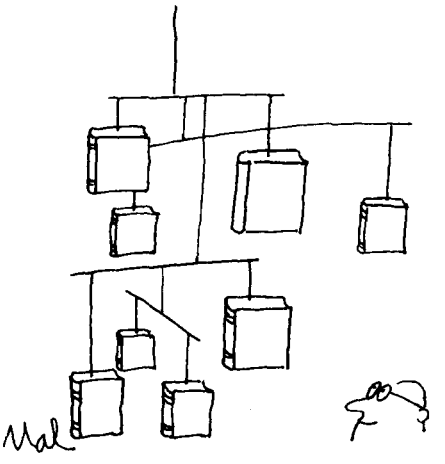
■ A POLITICAL NOTE: It takes a real poet—i.e., a perfervid imagination—to see any Kennedy as a servant, and here is Archibald MacLeish, Poet Laureate of the New Deal, calling Edward M. Kennedy "that rarest of senators, who is first and foremost a public servant." And here is Henry Steele Commager, calling Teddy "a successor to John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster." Arthur Schlesinger Jr. will have a hard time topping that one, though he will probably be asked to . . . Anyhow, all this from the editor and introducer of *Our Day and Generation* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), a collection of the speeches of EMK. Coming in November.

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: *The Music of Man* (Methuen, $19.95), by Yehudi Menuhin and Curtis W. Davis, is based on an eight-part program aired by the Canadian Broadcasting system. It deals with the history and cultural impact of music. . . . Alistair Cooke's *The Americans* (Knopf, $10.95) is the third collection of the broadcaster's radio talk-shows over the BBC. . . . Glenn Dickey has written, in his *The History of National League Baseball* (Stein and Day, $12.95), what appears to be a very good, comprehensive book indeed. . . . *Chicago Tribune: The Rise of a Great American Newspaper* (Rand McNally, $17.50), by Lloyd Wendt, will cause fond memories to rise in the hearts of admirers of the late Colonel Robert McCormick. But as *Publishers Weekly* puts it, "Under . . . McCormick, the paper became strongly anti-New Deal and isolationist, gaining a reputation as reactionary. That has all changed since 1955, and the *Tribune* stands today as a model of first-rank American journalism." . . . *Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner* (Random House, $17.95) is actually a volume of stories collected by Joseph Blotner, a Faulkner biographer. . . . Ellen Goodman, a newspaper columnist specializing in "social" subjects, has made a book, *Close to Home* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95), of one hundred of her pieces. Clever, but trendy. —CW

in the restricted, almost anonymous approbation of the American Test Pilots' Association . . . when suddenly they were requested to volunteer to ride in a . . . *capsule*, boosted into space atop an Atlas rocket—and seven of them were actually chosen for the job!

It was a dubious honor. To start with, they were merely being asked to *ride in* (as opposed to *fly*) a vehicle that by no stretch of the imagination could be called a *craft*. *(A monkey's gonna make the first flight!* was the appalling rumor.) Secondly, at various stages during the Gemini project, a number of test pilots took their ships to altitudes equaling or exceeding that of Alan Shepard's first, encapsulated, boost. Thirdly—and what was by far the worst—even the limited (in the astronauts' opinion) degree of heroism the flights entailed was abysmally misunderstood by the Great American Public and their faithful servant, The American Press, who sought to probe the nature of their bravery with such questions as *What goes through your head when you're sitting on top of that Atlas rocket waiting for countdown?* and *Do your wives and kids have anything to say about this?* . . . Well, what the —? When all that ever concerned a test pilot as he tucked in his wheels and shot up toward the outside of the envelope was that he not . . . *fuck up!*

So they made their flights, and received tickertape parades through Wall Street, and earned $25,000 each for their exclusive stories from *Life* magazine, and got to meet Jackie Kennedy, and were given fabulous homes in a pompous suburban development in Houston. . . . And the ziggurat of the Right Stuff gradually inverted itself—or rather, its various steps rearranged themselves in the hierarchy—and little boys who would in an earlier era have dreamed of being test pilots in the wilds of California and Nevada went to Houston instead and signed up with NASA to be . . . *astronauts*; and Chuck Yeager, the famous test pilot who was the first man to break Mach 1, burned away half his face taking up the NF-104. Meanwhile, the politics of the whole space program changed. If the Great American Public got one thing right, it was that the Russian edge in space was dangerous, a flanking movement of the cold war; and, inattentive to global politics as most of the astronauts were, their role as Single Combat Warriors against the Red Menace was crucial. But after Khrushchev pulled his missiles out of Cuba, and the Hot Line between Washington and Moscow was set up, the threat of what Lyndon Johnson had called "a Communist moon" faded rapidly, and its echoes died away into the fastness of the American history textbooks.



SO: PITY the poor astronauts, more pathetic by far than Ham and Enos and all the other miserable test monkeys plucked at a tender age from the jungles of West Africa and taken to Cape Canaveral, where they had sensory needles stuck in them and were given admonitory volts in the soles of their feet. What makes Tom Wolfe perfectly . . . *contemporary* . . . is his uncanny and unflagging response to the subtleties, as well as the vulgarities, of the American scene. □

One Man, One Voice
By Charles Morgan Jr.
Holt, 348 pp., $12.95

ALL SCREWED UP

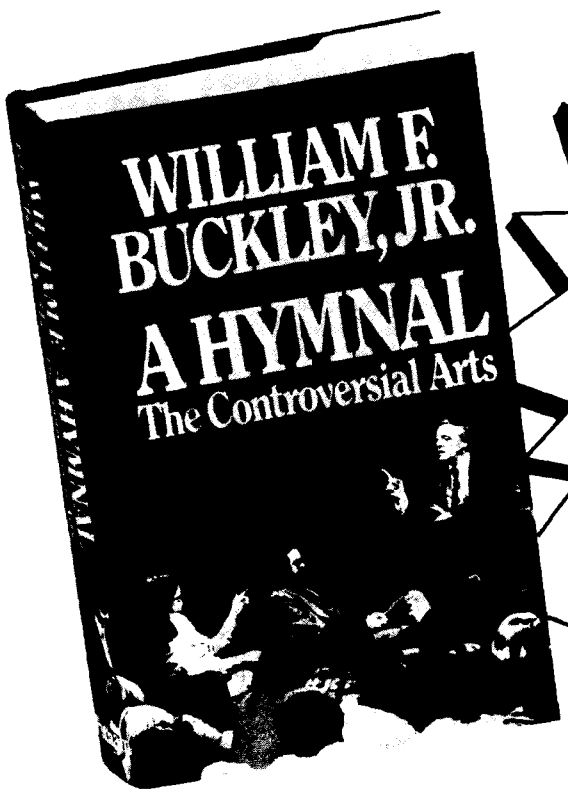
HADLEY ARKES

A year ago last summer I happened to be called into New York several times to debate representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union on the question of the Nazis in Skokie. What I discovered then was that the jurisprudence of the ACLU is a combination of the worst features of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henny Youngman: it is a collection of one-liners aspiring to find a principle. Charles Morgan shows, in this autobiography, that he is still the quintessential representative of the ACLU, despite his stormy break from that organization three years ago. As a lawyer and political man his nature has ever been more robust than thoughtful or reflective. He came out of Alabama as a white populist; the injustices he encountered in the South were heavy-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL OFFER!

Get this famous book for an amazing $2.45



And SAVE $10.50 (with this offer!)

Yes indeed. This is a most unusual offer and your opportunity to get this big conservative classic *for just $2.45!* And, "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts," is certainly something special, a top-drawer collection of Bill Buckley's best pieces (many of which you can no longer find elsewhere). There's no better book around to enliven your own conversation (or arguments), or for just plain enjoyment.

In fact, "A Hymnal" contains so many excellent pieces, so many articles that are a sheer pleasure to read, it's hard to know where to begin. You'll certainly want to know all about —

- **God and Man at Yale: Twenty-five Years Later**
- **Experiencing Andy Young**
- **Inflation: Senator Kennedy's Funny Money**
- **Abortion as a Campaign Issue**
- **The Return of Edgar Smith**
- **Buckley on Buckley**
- **Can Carter Mean What He Says?**
- **Feminism: Unsex Me Now**
- **Three Martini Lunch?**
- **Gun Control: It Won't Work**

—and much, much more (well over a hundred other articles and essays), for this is a *big* book almost 500 pages, and as a result sells for a substantial $12.95. So, to make it easier for you (our readers) to get your own copy of this hardcover edition, we've put together a *very* special offer based on your subscription order, either new or renewal.

The regular subscription rate for one year of NR is $21.00 ($26.00 newsstand), and the book retails for $12.95 — a $33.95 combination value. But with this bargain offer you can get the book plus the full year of *National Review* (26 issues), either as a new subscription or by extending your present subscription, for a total of $23.45. You save a whopping $10.50 and we pay all postage and handling charges involved!

So take advantage of this outstanding opportunity now — don't miss this *very* special offer. The handy card opposite this page contains complete instructions on how to order. "A Hymnal" is a book you should add to your permanent library — the best and biggest Buckley collection ever! Order your copy today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

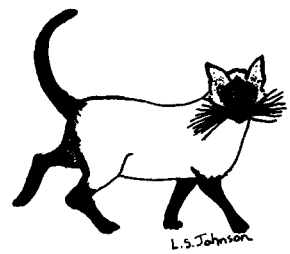
handed, the tone of politics was crude, and the Morgan who came through it all has never been marked by an oversupply of delicacy. He opened the Atlanta office for the ACLU (the first branch in the South) and moved from there to be the head of the Washington office. He was present along the way at a number of celebrated cases—the defense of Captain Howard Levy and Muhammad Ali; the attack on malapportionment in the legislature of Georgia; the persistent campaign to require judges in the South to enroll black jurors.

AND YET despite his presence in these cases—and despite his engagement in the politics of Washington in recent years—he probably drew more attention to himself through the manner of his departure from the ACLU. In the spring of 1976, when Jimmy Carter was building momentum toward the Democratic presidential nomination, Morgan told a reporter for the *New York Times* that "Northern Establishment liberals" were opposed to Carter because they did not have "their hooks in him"; they feared a loss of their "access." For the ACLU this was another occasion on which Morgan had made clear his own commitments in the politics of the day. Against the inclinations of the governing board he had earlier pressed the ACLU into a series of legal and political confrontations that had, as its design, the forcing of Richard Nixon from office.

Aryeh Neier, the executive director of the ACLU, put the annoying question to Morgan as to how he would separate his public endorsements of Carter from the public commitments of the ACLU. Morgan replied, with a characteristic flourish, that he would solve the problem in a stroke by resigning. The response carried a sting because it conveyed Morgan's impatience with Neier and, indeed, his contempt for many of the lawyers who defined the character of the ACLU itself. And therein lie, I think, the illicit satisfactions and the half-concealed strengths in this book. Morgan's memoirs of his celebrated cases are remarkably unilluminating; but where Morgan *is* interesting—and where we suspect that a good measure of truth survives after the hyperbole has been driven off—is in the comments he offers, intermittently but persistently, on lawyers, and especially lawyers in the liberal Establishment. In that respect it would be hard to find a critic of the ACLU who has written quite as ungenerously in interpreting the motives of that organization as the man who headed the ACLU in Atlanta and Washington:

> Inside the ACLU's governing structure [Morgan has written], there were law firm partners whose clients included the nation's largest defense contractors. To them neither the draft nor the Vietnam War had seemed like "civil liberties issues." They strongly favored "far-out" cases—one involving a transvestite's right to play guitar on top of the New York State Capitol would have been perfect. At law firm meetings, "crazy" cases caused titters, not conflicts with major paying clients.

When Morgan opened the branch of the ACLU in Atlanta he understood that the ACLU had interests of its own and that its path to the South was "paved with mixed intentions": the civil rights movement was the major concern of Northern liberals at the time, and "if the ACLU moved into the far-away South, the patronage and interest of Northern liberals would follow and ACLU membership *in the North* would grow." (Emphasis in original.) Morgan recalls that when he began in Atlanta "90 per cent of [the ACLU's] national legal work consisted of sterile, antiseptic, riskless, friend-of-the-court briefs." But as the ACLU took more risks, as it underwrote the expenses of litigation for its clients—and managed to bid then on sexier cases—it acquired a membership of 250,000 by the early 1970s.



Morgan claims that "in 1973 the ACLU *was* the liberal community," and when the ACLU finally arrayed itself against the President it could place the stamp "'Intellectually Respectable' across the word *impeachment*." That might be enough finally to move those "cold war liberals" who ran the country (and the ACLU) and who wanted "desperately to lie even to themselves." They were the men who forced Communists out of the ACLU in the 1940s and who generally supported the policies of a government that made distinctions in the world between Communist regimes and ordinary, authoritarian governments which might have been unsavory, but which were not totalitarian.

Almost invariably these men were lawyers, and they were prey to that peculiar disease which Morgan identifies as "Frankfurterism": a disposition to discover all kinds of complexities in the law which prevents anything from getting done—and which particularly prevents the law from relieving the condition of "the poor and the oppressed." The taint of Frankfurterism would be applied then to any lawyer who happened to see the world with more calibrations and moral shadings than were typically evident to Morgan himself. It would be applied, of course, to Elliot Richardson, who had been a clerk to Justice Frankfurter, and who preserved his gentlemanly prudence while he continued in the service of Richard Nixon. Even Archibald Cox, Everyman's model of Rectitude—the man Richardson resigned with—suffered the maladies of "elitism" and "Frankfurterism" when he took over as the Special Prosecutor for Watergate. In Morgan's view, Cox's first order of business should have been to clean out the people in the Justice Department who had mismanaged the prosecution and contributed, wittingly or not, to the cover-up. "But the Harvard professor," says Morgan, "was an alumnus of the Justice Department. He would not, *could* not, investigate it." Instead he acted like a member of the club—a Harvard man among Harvard men, a lawyer with a presumption in favor of other lawyers—and so he civilly bade his predecessors to stay on for the sake of "continuity"—"the very continuity," says Morgan, which "his appointment was designed to end."

The account is not without a trace of plausibility, but it is the nature of Morgan's achievement that he can make us feel sympathy even for Aryeh Neier and Archibald Cox. These men have not set examples of high reflection in the law, and yet in comparison to Morgan their world is textured with more complications and moral conflicts. Without a hint of equivocation Morgan could insist that it is flatly wrong for the United States to employ spies, even presumably against the enemies of democracy, and in a surge of simplicity he wished to make it a crime whenever an official of the government "lied" in public. (Would that include President Kennedy's report that he was retiring to bed with a cold when he was really preparing for the Cuban missile crisis? Would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For eight years, the story of his life was the history of our times.

He was at the center of every important event throughout one of the century's most turbulent and crucial eras. His actions have been reported and analyzed in every medium and in every language of the world. Here at last, from the most highly placed source of all, is the first segment (covering from 1968 to 1973) of Henry Kissinger's own account of the passage of history that he shaped. Comprehensive in scope and rich with anecdote, WHITE HOUSE YEARS is graced by the Kissinger touch—the quick humor, striking candor and penetrating insight that have left their mark on everyone who has dealt with him. Though it will be searched for evidence by those seeking both to praise and to blame its author, WHITE HOUSE YEARS is no narrow brief for the defense. It is a profound and fascinating work of history by a highly qualified historian—who also happened to be uniquely placed to observe key events. Long after the controversy surrounding Dr. Kissinger's actions has died down, his book will be read as a major source on the diplomacy of the modern world.

Illustrated with photographs and maps.

Henry Kissinger

WHITE HOUSE YEARS

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. $22.50
Limited, numbered, boxed edition, signed by the author: $75.00

Little, Brown and Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it include FDR's refusal to inform the public—and the Germans—of our progress on the atomic bomb?) Even an organization with as high a threshold of embarrassment as the ACLU found itself backing away, decorously, from these judgments.

Morgan may contemplate serenely the closing down of espionage because he is apparently not convinced that the movements we count as enemies of democracy pose any serious threat. The Communist cadres in Vietnam he could comfortably describe as "talented young leaders" (as though they were members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce). It is Morgan's assumption that the purpose of American foreign policy has been to make the world safe for American investments, and from that perspective the "revolutionary movements" of the Left that stir concern in Washington must perforce be threats to American business. But for that reason they are likely to be wholesome, populist uprisings; they are merely extensions of that struggle between the "haves" and the "have nots" that forms, for Morgan, the heart of American politics. Experience has merely confirmed for Morgan the lessons he extracted in the South: "What was true in Birmingham," he says, "is true in Washington—and everywhere else in the world. Governments grow. The ultra rich get richer. They purchase governments, use them to lock out competitors, and together with bought bureaucracies they cheat the poor."

THAT MORGAN'S judgments turn out right some of the time says no more for the soundness of his understanding than the scores achieved by a student who chooses answers randomly on a multiple-choice test and manages to get some of them correct. It is simply Morgan's nature, as I say, to be more emphatic than thoughtful, and in that respect he is the perfect representative of what might be called "the ACLU mind." Is it entirely his fault that he has merely applied that mind with the brute simplicity of its maxims? If the difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian movements has ceased to have any real significance for Morgan, the ACLU has already made it plain, through its defense of the Nazis, that the distinction has ceased to matter in its own understanding as well. Who, then, among the leaders of the ACLU, would dare cast any reproaches toward Morgan? The ultimate irony is that these people, of all people—these lawyers who have trouble telling the difference between a real "principle" and the kinds of propositions that are found in fortune cookies—that these men should somehow find Morgan "too much" even for them. □

In Defense of Decadent Europe
By Raymond Aron
Regnery/Gateway, 297 pp., $14.95

THE MARXIST VULGATE

M. JOSEPH SOBRAN

In Defense of Decadent Europe—nice Gallic irony. Why "decadent" Europe? And a defense against what?

Against Marxism; that is, against the ideology that defines free Europe as "decadent."

Raymond Aron argues that Europe is truly decadent in the sense that Europeans, by internalizing the corrosive Marxist critique, have become "their own worst enemies." She is weaker than she has to be or ought to be because she has lost confidence in her own liberal values and therefore in her future. But her decline is reversible. Aron's tonic is, as always, his own remarkable lucidity. How communicable it is remains another question, but the intelligent reader, if not the masses, will welcome his analytical pep-talk.

Why bother refuting Marxism? Who takes it seriously any more? Well, there is Sartre, yes, who has called it "the unsurpassable philosophy of our era." But even the French Left has been badly shaken by the news Solzhenitsyn has brought from the labor camps Sartre had said it was *mauvaise foi* to harp on. Marxism is the really decadent ideology.

Still, it lingers. In Europe it remains the stuff of those vaguely fashionable notions we call "public opinion," which I like to define as what everybody thinks everybody else thinks. Few people swallow it whole, but on some points it supplies the nearest thing to a consensus. Even Lenin's notion that capitalism is fueled by imperialism continues to hold wide acceptance, though (as Aron says) Europe has enjoyed her greatest prosperity since divesting herself of her empires and (as P. T. Bauer says) the wealthier parts of the Third World tend to be those fortunate enough to have been conquered by the West.

What is more, the sense of crisis is endemic to a civilization of unbridled self-criticism. Things are forever changing giddily; the more they improve, the more a certain part of us, guilty and incredulous, wants to cry out that it can't last. Marx's deepest appeal, Aron argues, lies in his "prophetism," which brilliantly links doomsaying to scientific analysis. Capitalism deserves to perish and is destined to perish. The "science" hasn't panned out very well, but the anti-capitalists have worked ingeniously to rescue the prophecies of ultimate doom from the predictions of imminent collapse.

Aron distinguishes between Soviet Marxism-Leninism and the Western "Marxist Vulgate," which tries to refine Marxism of its historical errors (and responsibilities). Is the Soviet Union genuinely Marxist? Few would still say yes, but Aron argues that no is too easy. Marx made Lenin possible, Lenin Stalin, Stalin Brezhnev. If this was not a predictable succession, then a) at least it was not unnatural, and b) oh, by the way, Marxist talk of "historical inevitability," scientifically apprehensible, is fraudulent. The Soviet Union, when all is said, remains an "ideocracy" in which, whatever liberties the rulers take with the Royal Idea, they dare not repudiate it: it alone legitimizes the total power they claim and exercise over their poor subjects. The ideology, rotten as it is, licenses some barbaric acts and inhibits some civilized ones. The Soviet rulers learned, after Khrushchev's 1956 speech, "the danger of saying aloud what used to be said in a whisper: of admitting what you know. An ideology cannot easily dispense with the institutionalized lie, even if most people recognize it as such." The men in the Kremlin know, empirically, that free private enterprise works better: the 1 per cent of Soviet farmland run for private profit keeps the Soviet Union fed (along with wheat imported from capitalist countries). But saying so in public is treason. Better to stifle production than to jeopardize the regime.

Hypocrisy abounds. Enlightened Europeans almost uniformly call themselves socialists. (Even Jean-François Revel, author of the brilliant, fiercely pro-American and anti-Communist polemic *The Totalitarian Temptation*.) But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

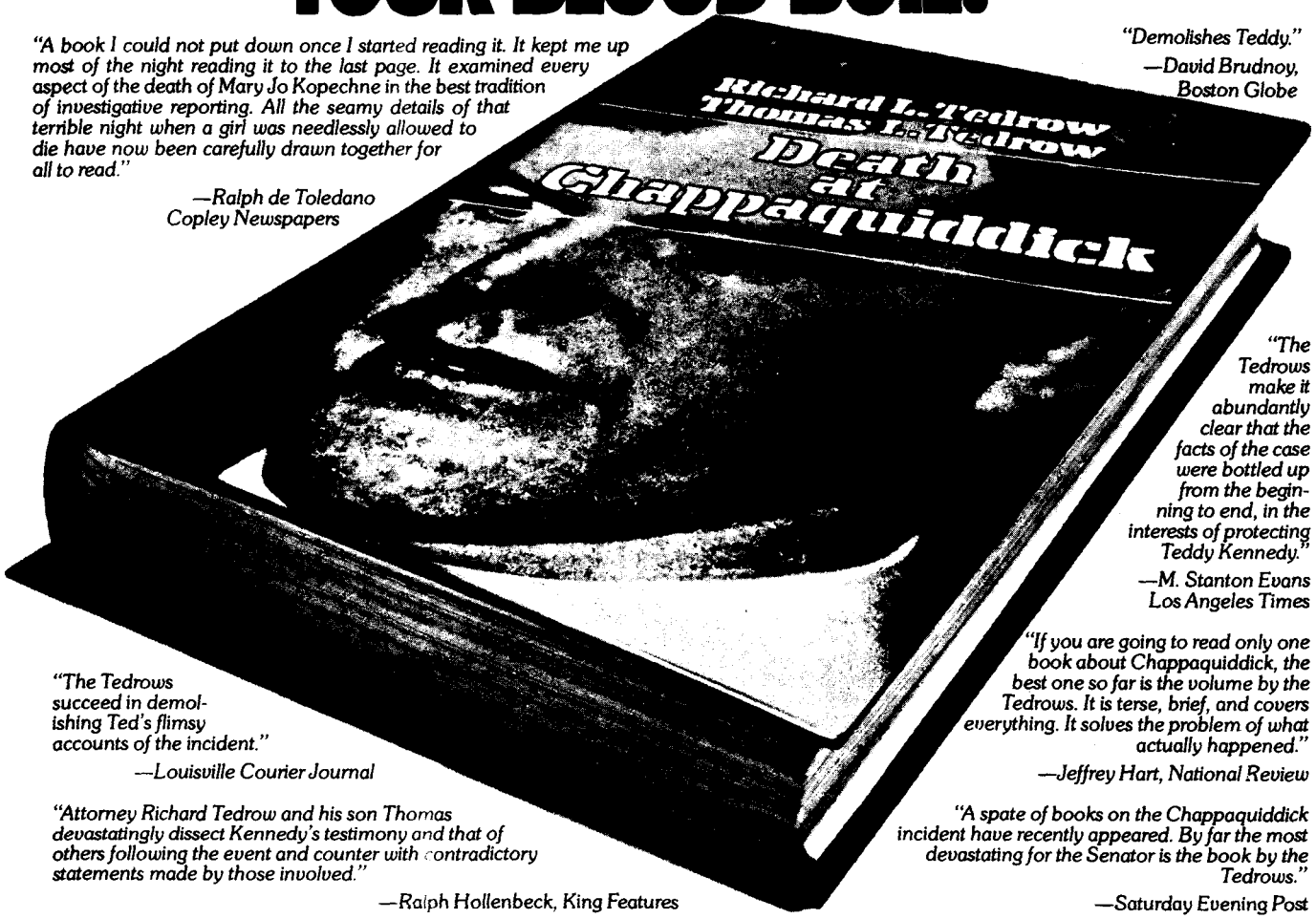
EVERY YEAR OR SO IT DOES YOU GOOD TO READ SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL.

"A book I could not put down once I started reading it. It kept me up most of the night reading it to the last page. It examined every aspect of the death of Mary Jo Kopechne in the best tradition of investigative reporting. All the seamy details of that terrible night when a girl was needlessly allowed to die have now been carefully drawn together for all to read."

—Ralph de Toledano
Copley Newspapers

"Demolishes Teddy."

—David Brudnoy,
Boston Globe



"The Tedrows make it abundantly clear that the facts of the case were bottled up from the beginning to end, in the interests of protecting Teddy Kennedy."

—M. Stanton Evans
Los Angeles Times

"If you are going to read only one book about Chappaquiddick, the best one so far is the volume by the Tedrows. It is terse, brief, and covers everything. It solves the problem of what actually happened."

—Jeffrey Hart, National Review

"The Tedrows succeed in demolishing Ted's flimsy accounts of the incident."

—Louisville Courier Journal

"Attorney Richard Tedrow and his son Thomas devastatingly dissect Kennedy's testimony and that of others following the event and counter with contradictory statements made by those involved."

—Ralph Hollenbeck, King Features

"A spate of books on the Chappaquiddick incident have recently appeared. By far the most devastating for the Senator is the book by the Tedrows."

—Saturday Evening Post

THIS WILL DO IT.

Ads to sell books are supposed to go into enormous detail, lavish praise, long descriptions. We'll merely say that Thomas and Richard Tedrow have done an exhaustive job of research, their book is well written, carefully presented, and what you've suspected all along is true. *The 220 pages contain facts never before disclosed.* It's a book you *must* have on your own bookshelf, preferably toward the front.

We don't, of course, expect you to take our word for that. You're invited to examine "Death at Chappaquiddick" for 10 days on an absolute, no-strings-attached money-back guarantee. If you decide the book is not an *invaluable investment,* just return it within the 10 days, and we'll refund your $9.95 in full, no questions asked.

P.S. Mary Jo Kopechne did not die from drowning.

To: Green Hill Publishers, Inc. NR11
P.O. Box 738, Ottawa, Illinois 61350

Yes. Send me the hard-cover *Death at Chappaquiddick* for 10-day examination. Check or Money Order for $9.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling is enclosed.
Illinois residents add 5% state sales tax

Charge to ☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard

Account no. _____ Expiration date _____

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobody has defined "socialism" very clearly. Socialist regimes survive only through more or less covert concessions to the free market. Marxism—even when it renounces the Soviet Union and all its works and pomps—derives its imaginative power from the ominous nearness of the Red Army. A free society needs a lot of nerve. Many even among non-Marxists fear that freedom inherently weakens and begin making psychic concessions to its enemies: the Soviets may be wrong about their alleged virtues, but they are right about our vices. The barbarians knew when the Roman Empire was ripe for invasion. The Soviet threat supplies the sense of doom that animates Marxist "prophetism." The bully produces not only fear but self-doubt.

"Personally," says Aron, "I am convinced that if Lenin and his colleagues had not seized the czarist empire in 1917, Marx would be no more our contemporary than David Ricardo or Alexis de Tocqueville." The prestige of "historical inevitability" can be traced to a historical accident. The accident gave a set of moribund ideas an institutional power-base, from which they have radiated to intellectuals who embrace them while denouncing all their embodiments in power. Marxism has gone wrong or been "betrayed" every time it has managed to get itself incarnated. And though apologists for the undefiled Idea can plausibly explain them all as exceptions, they cause us to wonder about the alleged rule. All the explanations, taken together, "destroy the foundations of the prophetism's claim to universal validity: after so many experiences, what version of Communism could possibly resemble that legendary 'regime without antagonisms' administered by the 'associated producers'?" □

FILM

A CRIME FILM THAT PAYS

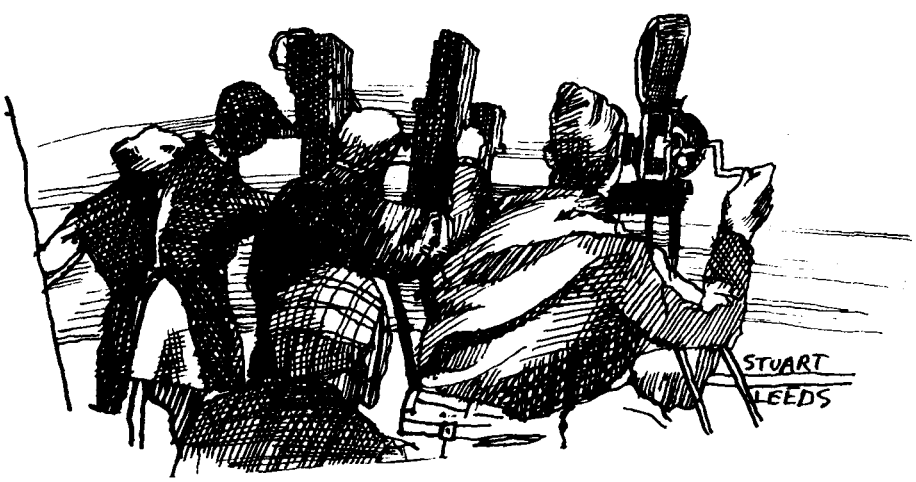
JOHN SIMON

The Onion Field is an utterly honorable movie; therein lie both its strength and its weakness. Joseph Wambaugh, the policeman-turned-novelist, found the film versions of two of his previous novels so offensive that he resorted to litigation to regain control of this one, then went into hock to finance it and have it produced as he wanted it. He wrote the script and closely supervised all stages of the film-making. The result is a movie that is faithful to the book—a long book, however, that forced the filmmakers to use a telegraphic style where more leisurely development was needed.

Indeed, *The Onion Field* is a picture with far too many transitions left out, so that the plot twists and climaxes come at us thick and fast, often puzzling and sometimes even seemingly arbitrary, despite the fact that this is a true story. It is all rather like a controversial lecture full of provocative and haunting pronouncements, but with the dialectical underpinnings elided. One is often left in the awkward situation of having to take the truth on faith.

The story concerns two policemen, officers Hettinger and Campbell (John Savage and Ted Dannon), who, on a typically restless night in downtown Los Angeles, stumble on two petty criminals—a white man, Greg Powell (James Woods), and a black, Jimmy Smith (Franklyn Seales)—driving forth on one of their routine liquor-store holdups. Powell, a dangerous psychotic, and Smith, a small-time loser in and out of jail, manage to disarm the officers and force them to drive to a lonely onion field near Bakersfield, ostensibly to be abandoned while the punks make their getaway. But Powell evokes the little-Lindbergh law that, he mistakenly believes, carries mandatory death sentences for the kidnappers of policemen, and shoots Campbell while Hettinger somehow escapes. The last thing Hettinger sees is that someone pumps four more shots into his prostrate colleague.

The two culprits are eventually caught and brought to trial, with Hettinger obliged to testify again and again at hearing after hearing. The official position of the police is that he is responsible for his buddy's death, which, along with reiterated enforced relivings of the horror, drives Hettinger into severe mental disturbances. He turns kleptomaniac out of the unconscious need to be caught and punished, and is made to resign from the force; he has recurrent nightmares, becomes impotent with his devoted and understanding wife and harsh with his children; finally, he is flirting with suicide.



MEANWHILE Powell and Smith are condemned to death, but during the protracted legal maneuverings Powell becomes a self-taught lawyer of exceptional shrewdness; when the verdict is appealed, the new trial becomes the longest in Los Angeles history, and Powell and his team manage to obtain life sentences for both Powell and Smith, chiefly because, though the pair confess everything else, neither admits to that final vicious fusillade. In 1983, Smith, still a shiftless jailbird, and Powell, now a legal as well as an evil genius, will be released from jail, with who knows what consequences. True, Hettinger is ultimately saved by his good wife and a Voltairean cultivation of his own garden that eventually leads to a nice horticultural job; but the brutally murdered Campbell remains dead, and the world seems more unsafe than ever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The film has sundry virtues. The unsavory, messy, yet ludicrous private lives of the criminals are tersely and tellingly conveyed; the precarious existences of policemen, caught between the devilish murderers and the deep blue sea of police bureaucracy, are no less well evoked, though here the shortening of the novel into movie format is somewhat damaging. It is even more so when the psychopathic punk suddenly emerges as a dazzling lawyer, and when Hettinger's decline has to be traced with insufficient gradualness, and when the endless, unconscionable juridical jockeyings and legal equivocations cannot be conveyed in all their Dickensian convolutions. Thus the volcanic outburst of an incensed young district attorney (David Huffman) rendered impotent by the cool casuistry of the defense loses authenticity because of the suddenness with which both the character and his exasperation are thrust upon us.

The film has other flaws, too. There is some unhelpful sentimental dawdling over the staunchness of the dead policeman's mother and the surviving one's wife, both of whom emerge with more ichor than blood in their veins, and there are certain plot developments—especially the acrobatics of jurisprudence—that become obscure even beyond the limitations of foreshortening. That we never learn who did that heinous extra shooting no doubt follows the facts of the actual case, but it is artistically disruptive; it urges the mind into bootless puzzle-solving and so distracts it from the film's larger issues of law and morality, of how much we have the right to demand from a policeman, of whether a mandatory death sentence would not be best in some cases, of just how many murderers can dance through the loopholes of the law. And though the acting ranges from good to excellent (Seales is splendid, and Woods, without a trace of exaggeration, stunningly terrifying), I have trouble with John Savage. Although he plays Hettinger with the stolid near-impassivity with which a simple, decent man would teeter on the brink, there is something a bit too boyishly cute about his looks and too innocuous about his aura to make his downfall and agony as moving as that of a visibly larger and stronger man.

Nevertheless, under Harold Becker's efficient, no-nonsense direction, and with Charles Rosher's customary unsensuous cinematography contributing a documentary quality, *The Onion Field* gives us several scenes of unusual maturity and philosophical impact seldom found in American movies. I admire particularly the various scenes in which the expert homicide detective, Pierce Brooks (compellingly played by Ronny Cox), tirelessly probes the criminals' psyches with a gently Dostoyevskian doggedness, and the sequence in which Hettinger, his anguish exacerbated by the unstoppable howling of his baby, is driven to striking the infant and very nearly going further, only to crumple into abject remorse a moment later. The baby-hitting scene is so powerful that even the callous theater audience with which I saw the film, and which took to violence like a fish to fish food, let out a gasp of human horror.

Not much need be said about *Yanks*, John Schlesinger's elaborate imitation of a 1940s war-on-the-home-front movie (take anything from *Since You Went Away* to *Mrs. Miniver*), except that it is carefully made, doughy, and absolutely pointless. Dealing with the nervous romances of Yanks stationed in England on the eve of D-Day, it differs from Forties flickers only in one gratuitous scene of racial violence in our armed forces (the lack of integration here is more artistic than social), and in a couple of bedroom scenes that show a little nudity but, alas, no passion.

The screenplay by Colin Welland and Walter Bernstein is hackneyed, full of characters who are supposed to be saved from becoming stereotypes by having an occasional arbitrary idiosyncrasy slapped on them; as for the fresh, country dialogue, it all comes out of a can. The movie drags on for over two hours and features performances ranging from the skilled (Rachel Roberts and Tony Melody as the kind of shopkeepers that made Britain a nation of heroes) to dull (Richard Gere as a respectfully amorous army cook) and slightly offensive (William Devane as an unconvincingly upper-class American captain). In the part of the sweetly provincial English heroine, Lisa Eichhorn, an American, is charming and wholly believable. Vanessa Redgrave, as a discreetly straying upper-crust officer's wife, is competent but prematurely dowdy. Schlesinger's direction consistently confuses polish with excitement. Why was this film made? □

ROCK

THE COLD WAR SOUND

JOHN M. BUCKLEY

The New Wave represents nothing less than a renaissance of rock 'n' roll, a cold war art form. The New Wave sprang from the ashes of the Punk movement. What started out around the middle of this decade in places like London, New York, and, strangely, Ohio, as a brash, simplistic protest against homogeneity in rock music soon spawned so much eclecticism within its own ranks that the term Punk became obsolete and had to be broadened. So the term "New Wave" includes everything from three-chord bands like the Ramones to idiomatic rock 'n' roll bands like Britain's The Clash; from the bouncy creativity of Talking Heads and XTC to the experimentation of more serious "composers" such as the ubiquitous Brian Eno and Robert Fripp, and even their older-wave collaborator, David Bowie. There has been a return to the rebelliousness of youth that has always made the greatest rock 'n' roll moments—even when made by adults—and, for the best bands, sophistication has brought no loss of power.

STARTING a couple of years ago when the Ramones put out their album, *Rocket to Russia*, I began to notice a greater geopolitical sophistication as well. The cartoon cover of this album showed a rocket leaving Cape Kennedy, heading toward an evil-looking Russky who was whipping a poor kulak carrying a bag of salt. At this exact time the Sex Pistols, the doomed focal point for the British Punk movement, came out with their first album, and it was filled with references to Britain's malaise and the threat from the East. In the very first song of their only album, Johnny Rotten, the Pistols' singer, goes to West Berlin. *I wanna see some history*, he says, *'cause now I got a reasonable economy. Now I got a reason/ To be*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waiting/ At the Berlin Wall. He goes on to say, *I was waiting for the Communist call.* And then, *I'm lookin' over the Wall and they're lookin' back at me!* Maybe it doesn't sound like much to get excited about, but how many references to East Berlin have there been in popular culture lately?

The Berlin Wall, and what lies behind it, seems to fascinate many of the British bands, and in fact most of this doomsday talk seems to be coming as a warning from the other side of the Atlantic. David Bowie had one of the biggest hits of his career with a song called "Heroes." In an interview he told how "Heroes" had been inspired by seeing two lovers who would meet every day at lunch right beneath the Wall. The song builds with the aid of Brian Eno's keyboards and Robert Fripp's guitar until by the end Bowie is shrieking, *I Remember/ Standing/ By the Wall/ The guns/ Shot above our heads/ And we kissed/ As though nothing could fall/ And the shame/ Was on the other side/ Oh we can beat them/ Forever and ever/ Then we can be Heroes/ Just for one day.*

This message of honor was not lost on the German kids who sent "Helden," Bowie's German version, to the top of the charts. The Wall figures strongly in Elvis Costello's recent album, *Armed Forces*, and is even mentioned by an up-and-coming British band called 999. Nick Cash, 999's pudgy lead singer, recently prefaced a song called "Soldier" by talking about being in East Berlin. "It's 'orrible over there," he told the audience at Hurrah just before the band struck up a martial beat that carried all the rumblings of future war. "You wouldn't believe it. Can't take pictures of your friends in front of buildin's, can't do a bloody thing." This is part of many historical references coming out of the British New Wave, very different from America's popular music of this decade. America's has been both escapist and anti-historical, its meaninglessness directly linked to our retrenchment. But in the New Wave music from Britain there have been numerous references to World War II and figures in it, from obscure British generals to (many references) Hitler. *If Adolf Hitler flew in today/ They'd send a limousine anyway*, sing The Clash, and in so doing suggest an idealism strangely missing in music since the

Hippies. In Britain, where the movement has had much more effect, it is music for a lost empire: one of the most important aspects of the British New Wave has been its pride in being British. There is a sense of superiority over American bands, a sense of idealism about being closer to the roots of rock 'n' roll, an American art-form, than the Americans themselves. *I wish I was in the U.S.A./ Pretending that the wars were done*, sing The Clash, accurately, and in the same song, *Freedom's always on the run.* Just the other week a band called The Automatics put out a single entitled "When the Tanks Roll Over Poland Again."

TWO CONCERTS, shortly after I graduated from college, brought the meaning of the New Wave home. About the time Iran was falling, word came that The Clash, my favorite band, were about to start their "Pearl Harbor '79 Tour." One of the three original British Punk bands, The Clash at this time was the only survivor, and it has been considered by many to be the most vital of the rock 'n' roll bands working today. The Clash had yet to tour America and so there was much excitement in New York over their planned concert. This would be New York's first chance to see the paradigm of the movement trick-mirrored across the Atlantic. We got tickets and waited.

A few days earlier there was a show at Studio 10 in the Bowery with a band called The Idols, sort of a second generation Punk band composed of British and American allies. The club that night was all abuzz with talk of The Clash playing just three nights later. The event was gaining in importance; it seemed to be a reckoning of sorts. As we walked out into the cold air after the show we could see streams of orange snowflakes fall to the street, the result of a fire in a disco a block away. This didn't seem to crush anybody's spirits: it was Valentine's Day and we'd all had a good time. A few minutes later, while waiting for the subway, a tall kid with a radio blaring searched for a station just long enough for those of us who'd been inside to hear that the Bakhtiar government had fallen.

Three nights later my thoughts were far from Iran as we were seated for The Clash. The Clash charged on with more energy than the city of Los Angeles and proceeded to bash out "I'm So Bored with the U.S.A." As happens so often, I got swept up by the music. They followed with their song "Guns on the Roof." The lyrics to it include, *I wish I was in Af-arica/ Beating on the final drum/ I wish I was in the USSR/ Making sure these things will come/ I wish I was in the U.S.A./ Pretending that the wars were done/ I wish I was in old Europa/ Say goodbye to everyone.* As Americans do, I sat there transfixed. The Clash were everything that is good about rock 'n' roll, power, delicacy, humor, rebellion. And lots of loud guitar. At the end of the best rock 'n' roll show New York has seen in many years, I stumbled out and headed home. It didn't seem surprising at all when I turned on the TV and found that after a series of "clashes," China had just invaded Vietnam.

ONE NIGHT my friends took me down to CBGB to see John Cale's new band. Cale, a legendary figure from the Sixties who is one of about a dozen godfathers to this New Wave, always puts on a good show, and I had been told his new band was his best ever. And so we stood there as Cale projected his studied mania, dwarfing a bass as he played a mysterious version of "Walking the Dog." Wearing a yellow construction worker's helmet on top of a face that is half Fred Flintstone and half Tom McGuane, Cale led a band that was crisp and slinky. I was wrapped up in the music, succumbing to a favorite vice. But the rapture was ephemeral; fear, a Cale trademark, replaced it. By the second song Cale was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaking of a subject familiar to me. With references to Angola, Peking, and sneaking in the Kremlin to say, *How do you do/ How* do *you do*, I almost could have told that the next line, and the title of the song, would be *Ready for War*. □

DELECTATIONS

LA VERNA

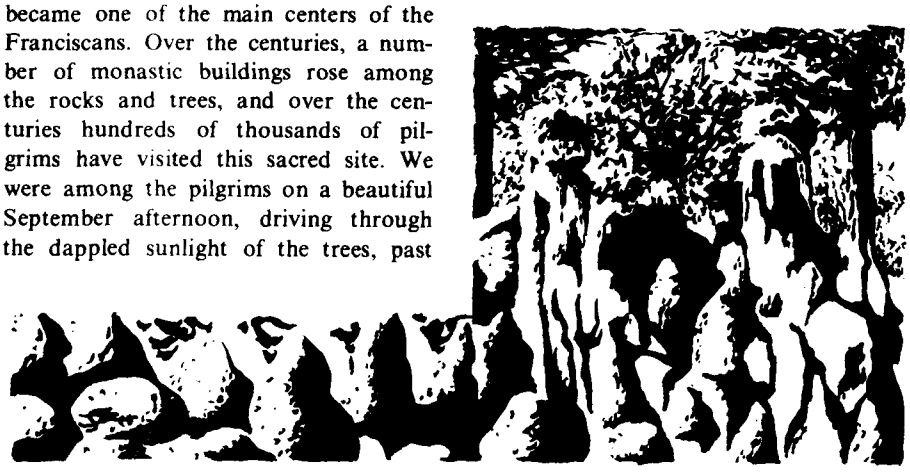
NIKA HAZELTON

La Verna is a very holy place: St. Francis received his stigmata there on September 14, 1224. The sanctuary lies three thousand feet high in the Casentino, a Tuscan region of heavily forested mountains east of Florence; you'd think you were in northern Europe, so close together are the pines and beeches The mountain top is rocky, with deep fissures and solitary caves that served as cells; St. Francis' is a rough hole amidst enormous cliffs. It is dark and dank, and the Saint slept on a bed of stone. I have never seen a place that recreated as vividly the monastic life of the Middle Ages. One shivers.

In 1213, Count Orlando dei Cattani gave the mountain as a present to St. Francis, who was looking for a hermitage. The Saint, accompanied by fifty armed men to protect him from the wild beasts of the forest, moved there two years later with a few of his brethren to live in the caves and in huts they constructed from clay and tree branches. Here he remained to receive the stigmata, and here he returned six more times to meditate. Thus La Verna became one of the main centers of the Franciscans. Over the centuries, a number of monastic buildings rose among the rocks and trees, and over the centuries hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have visited this sacred site. We were among the pilgrims on a beautiful September afternoon, driving through the dappled sunlight of the trees, past alpine meadows covered with flowers, looking, from this great height, at the Tuscan countryside.

From below you don't see the monastery, only enormous rocks and trees. You drive to the big gate, and suddenly you are in a little village of churches, chapels, cloisters, and covered walks. With us are rich and poor Italians, many led by their priests. An unforgettable sight: some fifty nuns in black habits joyously greeting another large group of nuns, also in black habits. Except in the churches and chapels, the pilgrims are reverent but not silent; children chase around, wives call to their husbands, priests to their flocks.

The two main churches are Santa Maria degli Angeli and the Chiesa Maggiore, not big, of golden-grey stone, dating from the Middle Ages and, fortunately, spared the so-called improvements of the Baroque, which ruined so many of Italy's oldest churches. The artistic revelations of La Verna were the enormous Della Robbia ceramics (which also served as altar pictures) of the Crucifixion, the Assumption, the Ascension, and the Annunciation. We tend to think of Della Robbia works as sweet images of the Virgin and Child, surrounded by swaths of flowers and fruits, adorning Victorian porches. Not so. First, the Della Robbias were an artist family that worked for around two centuries in their large studios; and, second, these enormous pieces are a triumph of power and grief in the figures' expression. Last but not least, the art of creating such large terracotta pieces, their coloring and their firing, speaks of techniques that could not be duplicated today, or at least not without great difficulty—so an art historian told me.



The comings and goings in the complex are brisk, and brisk too the friars who regulate them. Nevertheless, the Chapel of the Stigmata (with other great Della Robbia pieces) silences all when they see the glass-covered spot where St. Francis was chosen. They fall silent too in the chapel of St. Francis' relics: his wooden tumbler and a piece of his robe drenched with blood are among them. His hole of a cell, deep in a damp, chilly cave, makes you wonder about the purpose of your own life.

It is amazing how St. Francis' presence is with us, in spite of the monastic conglomerate that grew up on his hermitage. The monastery includes an infirmary, a library, a pharmacy, an observatory, a guest house; the friars' premises are grouped around five little cloisters, and there is also a small museum. Would the Saint be surprised if he came back to La Verna?

Wherever the Saint went, he left this impression of his presence. It is not surprising that many illustrious nonbelievers made their peace with the Church in Assisi, where the holiness of the site overwhelms you like a great wave. St. Francis also visited Cortona, where we spend summers. The Celle is his monastery, again deep in the cleft of mountain rocks, where you see his cell and his little oratory. The Celle is simple, and remote, totally silent but for a tumbling brook and the rustling of the forest around it. St. Francis would still feel at home here, said one of the Celle's three remaining friars. □

The GIMLET EYE

SAN GENNARO LOOKS UPON HIS FESTIVAL

D. KEITH MANO

The sword reaped my head: I heard its whistling swipe: and quiet then. My vertebrae broke: so beads snap in a thumbed-frail rosary. No, I was never reluctant: martyrdom, you understand, is the fruiting time. Pistil and anther have conspired at this. A martyr is pregnant and must come to term: the daunting fullness of it all. Oh, we have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free will. But what can that phrase mean? What, when God is upon you like a leopard? And the sweet, scouring claws are in?

But could we—my kind murderers and I—could we have meant to whelp this? Look on it: ten blocks long at least, arched over with tinsel and garish electric shine: a festival of greed. It reaches, my feast, from what they call Little Italy through what they call Chinatown. Ah, Marco Polo, you could have stepped across. But I think the gruff, caustic desert trade route was more healthful than this: this glutton's rut and lurch in honor of my poor beheading. Had I known then, I would have fought; yes, and even killed *them*, I think. Diocletian, the Christ-hunter, laughs now in hell: laughs last.

Saint of *zeppole* and *calzone* and gamey, insecticidal grease smoke. Intercessor for footballs thrown through a toilet seat. Patron of stuffed animals; of the hoarse shyster; of children robbed and wish-broken. San Gennaro, pray for me. This is Sunday, yet I have no peace. The garbage lolls, fattening, on pavement. They've been at it more than a week now: the marketing of my martyrdom. Could this be, Lord, your punishment for that half-instant—just one fleet, fickle image (I thought it joy) —for that instant of pride in my own dying?

An old woman dabbed the blood up with her sponge: sixteen hundred and seventy-four years ago. Curse that irksome relic: I have no power over it. And still twice each year—on May's first sabbath and this, the day of my decapitation—it will stir from its ancient clot to liquefy. Why won't you die, my blood? But for that annoying prodigy I might, with St. Christopher, have slipped into the hush of legend. One miracle more or less, who would note? To hunt, like some uneasy wraith, for the rotted vein: it seems a sacrilege. There must have been too much body in me. Jesus, deliver your servant from the persecution of worship: give me my Diocletian back again.

Listen now: across the street from my church a man shills for God. "One pound of gold. We're giving away one pound of gold—gold that closed today at $387 an ounce. Step up and buy a number. We're playing the numbers game here. Step on up." And my gilt statue looks on: my grave graven image: not even a decent likeness at that.

(I was much uglier: it was one of the things that drew me first to Jesus.) See: my metal self is garlanded with cash. Ribbons slump down: a one dollar ribbon, a five, a ten: twenty from the big spenders for Christ. Each bill pinned on is a chancre: ulcerous and sore: I feel it. And Christmas-tree lighting, my cheap red-white nimbus, will smirk behind me like whorehouse windows at night. What do they expect for this fast-buck veneration? Better service, I guess: a waiter tipped.

San Gennaro, Inc.: I am an industry. Since 1926, through boom and through recession, I have declared stout dividends: tax free. Ten million or thirty in that time, who can say? And no one—the Italian-American Defense League will see to that—no one would dare audit my accounting. I read a poster: "Veneration of the relic of San Gennaro and procession with noted clergy and personalities." I am star stuff: I draw. Politicians stump for my vote: Jew and Protestant and atheist, they must honor me. Oh, indeed, I know the profit will go in part—in part—to Christ's bride, his church. But how large a part? And see how my blood money is filched for God.

Fill a clown's mouth with water. Machine-gun the paper target star. Win some goldfish, who will die next week: toss a ping-pong ball in his bowl. Ring the bottle; hit the pin; sink the basketball: it would take an act of God. Hear their serpent pimping hisses, "Hey, friend. Toss a dime in the red circle, you win a big tiger for the little lady. What? Dontcha love her? It's easy, justa quarta. Here." And, shame, the savage dice table: ten dollars a throw: hardcore gambling. There's a young Puerto Rican who has venerated fifty dollars away: could that be his rent? This festival of mine gives off a leprous stench. Why me? Why am I a front for avarice? St. Peter or St. Francis, didn't they bleed? And what does the Feast of San Gennaro have to do with Christ or (lardaceous *canolli* aside) with being Italian or even with this exotic district of New York? Game booths are trailer-wheeled: each a circuit-riding interloper from bumpkin carnival and sordid amusement park. And this, my adoration, is the greatest, shoddiest carny midway of them all.

I knew, as I visited Sosso and Proculo in jail, that it would kill me. I had a hankering for martyrdom then. The Roman torture was rich and imaginative: I hurt to God. But, when they threw me in the furnace, flames were just my finery: I wouldn't burn. You have to remember: I was no less astonished than they. I didn't think that Gennaro, I, might be saint material. And perhaps this was my sin: not to know that the Light from Light could make—even of me—a holy spectacle. So I have this feast for my humiliation.

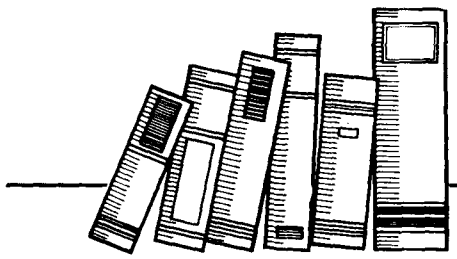
Liquefy? It's enough to make my blood boil. Yet they can't comprehend: this has not been a benediction that I express twice every year. This is the miracle of my still-living rage against them. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mysteries, *by Colin Wilson (Putnam, 667 pp., $15).* This is an encyclopedic treatment of the supernatural that begins with the assumption that seers, UFO watchers, dowsers, and people haunted by ghosts are not kidding. They honestly believe they've seen something, Wilson maintains, and on this basis he recites case after spooky case of happenings that seem to defy explanation. If he had stopped at storytelling, *Mysteries* could be written off as an unfortunate triumph of gullibility over good sense. But Wilson goes three reckless steps further. He tells why people have seen whatever they've seen, how someday we all will be able to see, and why the ability is a good thing. According to Wilson, a person who sees a ghost, say, is experiencing a state of heightened mental awareness. The ghost is fact; seeing it depends on the viewer's sensitivity. Wilson says sensitivity resides in all men, but lies dormant in most of us because we are skeptical. With a little effort—deep relaxation, concentration, focusing, etc.—we can overcome our handicap. Or,

(Continues on page 1451)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dark Horses

TWO WEEKS AGO this column featured a couple of books which prove, rather conclusively, that the United States and the world in general are not about to run out of energy, and that the "no growth" position urged on us by various spokesmen is accordingly mistaken.

This and related themes are developed on a much broader canvas by futurologist Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute in *World Economic Development* (Morrow, $7.95). The book is in considerable measure an extension of Kahn's previous study, *The Next 200 Years* (reviewed here on June 24, 1977), but ranges far beyond the economic technical issues covered in that earlier volume to consider such matters as cultural, sociological, and intellectual forces impinging on the economic process.

Kahn's thesis is that there are abundant resources available for continued economic growth in the generations to come, and that as a result the impoverished nations of the earth can eventually be lifted up to a relatively comfortable economic station. Raw materials, energy supplies, agricultural and other know-how exist on a sufficient scale, he argues, to put most of the world on an economic footing comparable to that prevailing now in the United States. He convincingly deflates the usual frightening notions about population growth, pollution, and resource depletion.

Despite all this, Kahn's economic projections are not on the whole optimistic. He suggests that we do indeed face an era of "no growth," in the United States and elsewhere, not because of technical constraints, but because of intellectual ones. Increasingly, he observes, the economic, environmental, and regulatory policies of this and other developed nations are dominated by a "new class" contemptuous of bourgeois values and hostile to further economic growth. Because it is relatively affluent, this "new class" sees no need for continued economic expansion, and would like to slow the industrial/technological process in favor of "higher," non-material goals.

In arguing these points, Kahn draws on a dazzling array of disciplines—statistics, game theory, economics, history. And whatever the precise validity of his projections (he clearly acknowledges that he is working within a range of probabilities), his fundamental insight seems incontestable: the key to economic progress, above all else, is cultural attitude, which dictates certain approaches to politics and economics, which in turn dictate the nature of the technical organization.

How "new class" attitudes affect the economic system in very specific fashion is the subject of *The Environmental Protection Hustle* (MIT Press, $12.50), by Bernard J. Frieden. This is a fascinating piece of sociological research, one of numerous excellent books on social and economic problems that have been published by scholars at the Joint Center for Urban Studies at Harvard and MIT. The author, an MIT professor, is a well-known authority on housing problems and related issues.

WHAT FRIEDEN shows us is, precisely, that no-growth politics in the interest of "protecting the environment" has indeed become a hustle—that is, a con game in which high-sounding motives are invoked to cover up some obvious self-seeking. His chosen field of investigation is northern California, most notably the San Francisco Bay area, where no-growth politics has reached a high degree of perfection. By close examination of four case studies, he shows that environmental sloganeering has been effectively used to protect the interests of affluent suburbanites from incursions by outsiders.

Result: A tremendous housing crunch, as supplies lag far behind demand, new developments are zoned for the convenience of the affluent, and the average middle-class homebuyer is priced out of the market. And the beauty of it is, it's all accomplished in the name of "the environment." —M. STANTON EVANS

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 90c per word, $2.00 for NR box number

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Enclosed $ _____

Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35 Street
New York, NY 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

NATIONAL REVIEW seeks artist to supervise the in-house production of the magazine. Must be capable of doing clean, fast mechanicals; some layouts for circulation promotion, i.e., ads, cards, brochures, plus overseeing all production of art director's layouts and magazine pages. Salary negotiable. Write NR Box 3235.

NATIONAL REVIEW has a part-time position ideal for student or housewife. Accurate typing and filing, 8-10 hours per week, schedule negotiable. Write NR Box 3121.

RESUMES—A complete guide with instructions and examples. $2.95. Informax, Box 8486, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

Situations Wanted

WASHINGTON CONSERVATIVE Journalist —P.R. top contacts reopening own shop seeks "your man in Washington" accounts regarding your needs. George Fowler, 1052A National Press Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20045.

YOUNG FEMALE, JD, U.Va., seeks law, law-related, or other position in Research Triangle, N.C. Write NR Box 3234.

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

ERIC HERZ HARPSICHORDS, Inc. has been building fine instruments in the 18th century tradition for 25 years. For brochure write: 12 Howard St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Telephone: 617-868-6772.

SOUNDTRACK, ORIGINAL CAST LP'S. Large free catalogue, STAR 273, Box 7, Quarryville, Pa. 17566.

Investment Opportunities

INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT SINCE 1961. We are seeking discretionary accounts of $1 million or more. We also provide consulting services to other professional advisors. Write or call Peter B. Roll, Inc., Box 566, Locust Valley, N.Y. 11560. 516-671-5100.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 90¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.00 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

PROFIT FROM INFLATION! $100 will open Swiss bank account (gold, silver). Book explains! Send $10.00 to: Financial Information, Box 7000-321E, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.

BEAT THE MARKET! Stock pro reveals how. Balkan, P.O. Box 30214, Bethesda, Md. 20014.

Literary

BOOK SEARCHING. All subjects. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS, 3,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton, 98-73 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRW, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

THE CHESTERTON REVIEW is an international journal of literature. For subscriptions ($6.00 per year) write to: The Chesterton Review, 1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, S7N OW6.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

WIDOW, 55, well-educated, energetic, independent, avid conservative, wishes to correspond with intelligent gentleman who has sense of humor, no marital ties, and loves to travel. Write NR Box 3237.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

POLICE OFFICER, 31, handsome, easygoing, 6', 175, interested in camping, art, seeks female in 20's. Must be intelligent, svelte, funny. Write NR Box 3232.

Gourmet

PREMIUM FLORIDA ORANGES & GRAPEFRUIT make a great Christmas gift for friends or employees. $21.95 for 4 trays (bushel), $13.95 for 2 trays (½ bushel). Discounts for large orders. Specify navel oranges, pink or white grapefruit, or mixed. Send order with check or M.O. to Midway Groves, Route 3, Box 28—Dept. NR, Sarasota, Fla. 33580. Write for free brochure including other tropical food items.

FESTIVE HOLIDAY DESSERTS. Tired of the same desserts—try 10 of our international favorites for the holiday season. $3.00 to Holidays, P.O. Box 183, Riverdale, N.J.

POOR MAN'S FRUITCAKE. Delicious, nutritious, made from fresh fruit. Also: Impossible Pie. Two unusual recipes. $2.00. Kruse, Box 28695, Philadelphia, Pa. 19151.

BAKED CHERRY CHEESECAKE, scrumptious, elegant. S.A.S.E. and $1.00 to: Marijo, Rt. 3, Box 306, Crystal River, Fla. 32629.

FRENCH APERITIF. Old family recipe. $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. to: French Recipes, 530 Veteran #302, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

For Sale

WARM BLANKETS. All wool. Handwoven by Mayan Indians. Brochure 30¢: Natural Fibers, P.O. Box 40786, San Francisco, Calif. 94140.

CROSSWORD PUZZLES SPECIALLY MADE for your convention, anniversary celebration, individual gifts, Christmas, any occasion! Related names, inside jokes, technical words. Write: F. E. Halverson, 5133 Dupont Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55419.

VIDEO TAPES, 30 minutes; Color, Beta, or VHS. Learn at home. Many subjects from gourmet cooking to belly dancing. $49.95 each. Free catalogue. Profile Ltd., 4121 Vantage Ave., Studio City, Calif. 91604. Dept. N.

Vacation

BREEZY FLORIDA ISLAND—32 acres in balmy Charlotte Harbor near Ft. Myers, 2-bedroom, 2-bath house with air and heat—furnished. Also includes powerboat. Relax and fish—secluded—privacy. $2500/month; available November, January, February, April. Call owner: 813-822-3977.

BORA BORA ISLAND—Experience this Polynesian Paradise 45 minutes from Tahiti from our new 2-bedroom bungalows overlooking the lagoon. For information write: Bora Bora Rentals, P.O. Box 5603, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93108.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102; Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

MARCO ISLAND—Florida Gulf Coast. Paradise for classy conservatives, unspoiled by liberal planners. Sunset House Condominium on beach, two elegant apartments: one-bedroom and a studio. Minimum rentals two weeks. Days: 201-531-0929. Evenings: 201-774-3614.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

RING LARDNER [JR.]:

My Family Remembered

A good ear for music is often combined with facility in speaking a foreign language properly. Ring never became a linguist (on a German ship once he said "Dry martini" to the bartender and was surprised at, though quickly reconciled to, being served three cocktails at once). (Actual title: *The Lardners: My Family Remembered*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Real Estate

FLORIDA MOBILE HOMES. Over 300 resales from $3,000 to $35,000. For current information send $2 to: Results, 1000 Main Street, Dunedin, Fla. 33528.

OREGON OCEAN FRONT. Contemporary with spectacular, private 180° view of lighthouse, sea, harbor entrance. 2,000 sq. ft. Walls of windows. Decks. Color brochure M & M, P.O. Box 1265, Newport, Ore. 97365.

HOMEBUYING GUIDE—All the information you need to eliminate the middleperson in finding, financing, and purchasing your new home. $7.95 postpaid with prepayment: Ali Books, Dept NA, 55 Wheeler Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Miscellaneous

TEACH YOUR CHILD TO READ with new phonics manual—only $5.50. Money-back guarantee. Reading System, P.O. Box 1423 Corvallis, Ore. 97330.

THE NON-PROBLEM of Nuclear Wastes booklet by Prof. Petr Beckmann (University of Colorado), $2 from Golem Press, Box 1342-NR, Boulder, Colo. 80306.

BEAT INFLATION. Reduce home fuel consumption 30%! Free details. Crosskit, P.O. Box 616-R3, New York, N.Y. 10004.

COACHELLA VALLEY CONDO OWNERS—Best deal on custom draperies, shutters, etc. Twenty years' reliability. Free estimates. NELSHA'S DRAPERY, Palm Desert, Calif. 714-346-8651.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE. Remarkable story. N.Y. prisoner and family working for pardon. Need support letters. Literature available. Gary McGivern Defense Fund, Box 112N, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

1979 TAX FORMS, W-2, 1099, etc. Free catalogue. Business Forms Warehouse, 10149 Hammerly, Houston, Texas 77080.

BETTER SPELLING GRADES? For expert method send $2 to Box 3225, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS—Liberal savings for Conservative Shoppers. Strahan, Schumacher, Greef, VanLuit, K&W, Walltex. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number. Toll free: 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

CORPORATIONS—THE ENDANGERED SPECIES. Will corporations be nationalized? And what can be done about it? Sensational new paperback! 135 pp. $3.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dynapress, Box 809-N, Fern Park, Fla. 32730.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Advance Sale, Professional Publication. Shows you how to turn your hobbies into profits—Start your own business—How to finance. To reserve yours, send $3.00 and S.A.S.E. to: BYOB, NR Box 3230.

NEW SOFT-SHOE APPROACH to tap dancing. Develop coordination. Improve concentration. Package includes jazz rhythm analysis, terminology, practice procedure, adult beginners' dances, professionally styled. $10.00. K. Kavanaugh, P.O. Box 826, Coronado, Calif. 92118.

ADOPT—LOVABLE ORPHAN PEBBLE! Send $3.95 adoption fee: Orphan Pebble Adoption Center, Box 243, Pinetops, N.C. 27864.

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1448)

Wilson claims, we can wait around until natural selection lifts us from the murk of doubt: evolution works toward the ideal, and the psychic is a superior breed of man—"fully human," as Wilson puts it. Doubters will eventually perish like the dinosaur. As proof of his bizarre theory, Wilson offers the testimony of persons widely regarded as cranks. He puts inordinate trust in hunches: he praises one source for putting across a "feeling of revelation." Trying to validate the unknown by invoking the unknown, he calls upon the "unconscious," the "subconscious," "higher levels" of thought. When these devices fail, the weapon of last resort is emotion. "This vast computer we call the brain was *meant* to operate at a far higher level of efficiency." Wilson, in search of other-worldly meaning, argues with simple earthly shouting.

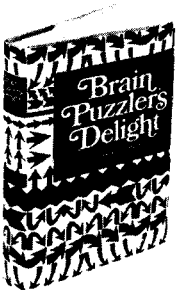
PAUL T. HORNAK

STEALING HOME, *by Philip F. O'Connor (Knopf, 308 pp., $8.95).* Philip F. O'Connor's *Stealing Home* is not the baseball novel for readers who want Ring Lardner and Mark Harris in their lineup, who want all of the game's gritty pageantry handled with a touch as sure as a well-oiled Rawlings. In fact, *Stealing Home* is hardly a baseball novel at all. Behind the idiomatic double play of the title looms the ugly and by now familiar sight of the splintering suburban household. A home, a family, is falling apart. As a novel about the vague dissatisfactions and deprivations of contemporary family life, *Stealing Home* successfully catches the anxious inertia that can beset even the most domestically oriented couples. But there is another side to the book—baseball—and it occupies too much of the narrative surface to be easily shunted off to the sidelines. With well over half its action detailing the practice sessions and play-by-play of a championship season, *Stealing Home* reads as though it were trying to stretch a theme into a genre. The championship team is Gray's Cleaners, a motley crew of uncooperative 12- and 13-year-olds that finished dead last the year before in the Centerville, Ohio Pee Wee League. The manager is Benjamin Dunne, unassuming owner of a local bookstore where T-shirts outsell his favorite authors. Through baseball, Dunne hopes to get closer to his 12-year-old son, Bobo. He also sees the thankless job as an opportunity to take charge of a life that seems to be sliding imperceptibly out of his control. Dunne hopes to find in baseball the fulfillment he misses in family life because the game so readily supplies its fans with a choreography and vocabulary for all sorts of human situations. Baseball metaphors obviously come easy and can be quickly played out. By the end of the novel, Dunne has become so obsessive about winning that he reverses the old saw: "For me, now, it doesn't seem to matter how you play the game, but whether you win or lose." Baseball helps him make it through a season but, like all simulations, it takes him only so far. It's like life, and it isn't. Stopped at a traffic light after the big game, characteristically poised between possibilities, he finally confronts the limits of his metaphor: "The game has ended; he has seen it through. Elsewhere nothing has ended." If baseball doesn't help solve any of Dunne's problems, it does even less for O'Connor's first novel.

ROBERT ATWAN

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet



A treasury of unique mind-stretching puzzles that can be solved by straight, logical thinking and reasoning. No specialized math. Offers the pleasures of discovering solutions through use of ingenuity, imagination, insight, and logic. Stimulates and refreshes the mind. Fascinating, entertaining puzzles, arranged in order of difficulty, with (some amazing!) solutions and full explanations at end of book. ILLUSTRATED

$7.95, plus 95¢ handling 10-Day Money-Back Guar.
EMERSON BOOKS, INC., Dept. 597-E
Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

National Review* Readers Will Enjoy *"Obstacles to Utopia"

by Corinna Marsh

During a long life of literary activity, Corinna Marsh has penned hundreds of humorous and satiric verses which have appeared in leading periodicals such as *National Review, The New Yorker, The New York Times, Family Circle, and Redbook.* Now in her 88th year, she is still writing.

This selection of her verses is interspersed with salty autobiographical prose notes. Her early verses on nature and love are counterbalanced by her later views on marriage, children, and the state of the nation. A unique gift that is sure to please you and your friends.

Publication Arts
13-04 River Road
Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410

Please send me ____ copies of *Obstacles to Utopia* by Corinna Marsh at $7 each (no extra postage and handling charges). My check is enclosed. N.J. residents add 5% sales tax.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Understanding SALT

On The Right

New York, Oct. 12—I do not wonder that there is an almost universal impatience with the figures in SALT II. Listening to a recitation of how many missiles, how many silos, how many MIRVs, is only less discouraging than listening to economists and bankers quarrel over differentials in M1 and M2. It is so much easier to relax, and go to sleep with President Carter's summary (one U.S. nuclear submarine is enough to destroy all major Russian cities) under one's pillow; but the only trouble is you might, in the felicitous phrase of the ten-year-old boy, wake up dead.

For such reasons as this, the chances are that you have not heard the name of Donald G. Brennan. Well, you really should. He is a PhD, MIT, in mathematics, winner of all kinds of thises and thats, and so on and so forth. He is associated with the Hudson Institute in New York, which is the fountainhead of some of the most original and useful thinking of the day. But Brennan becomes intensely interesting when he brings his huge technical knowledge to bear in examining the SALT treaty, which he did recently before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. His paper was in part technical, but its impact is not in the least technical. Because his conclusion is that the passage of SALT II increases the chance of world war, rather than the other way around. Lest you leap instantly to the conclusion that Brennan is a disarmament type. Indeed, he was one of the architects of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, having had a hand in the drafting of the act under whose general patronage we are looking at SALT II. And his conclusions about SALT II are devastating.

All those calculations that have to do with a rough equivalence are calculations which do or which do not stand up. If they do—as the Carter people insist—that means one thing; if they do not, as the critics say, that means something else.

Well then, consider the Russian Backfire bomber. Remember, it is not listed in the inventory of strategic weapons, whereas our B-52s are.

Brennan points out that the differences between two estimates of the "combat radius" of the Backfire (the combat radius means round-trip, USSR to U.S.) are negligible. Call it three thousand miles. Well, the known combat radius of our B-52s is 3,012, i.e., about the same. But hear this: our combat radius is estimated with a five-ton bomb load, the Backfire's with double that five-ton load. If you were to lighten the bomb load of the Backfire, you would increase its combat radius by at least two hundred miles. Besides which—now this is me talking, not Brennan—the notion of the round-trip is silly, since the bombers, having dumped on the U.S., could land in Cuba or, for that matter, Mexico or Canada, which would not, at that moment, be resting on international punctilio.

Now add to this that only one-third of the B-52s produced have a range in excess of the Backfire's, add to it that by the expiration date of SALT II the Soviets could have 30 per cent or more of their total strategic payload in Backfires, and you have a disproportion that causes you to wonder what got into our negotiators in agreeing to count our B-52s, but not count their Backfires. Was there what they call an asymmetrical concession? No.

Nor is there any such concession in the matter of the "heavy" ICBMs, those world-killing SS-18s that plow up whole states and are capable of reducing our static ICBMs to ashes before they ever got off the ground—which, in the event they managed to do so, are not powerful enough to penetrate the casings that protect the Soviet silos. Why should the Soviets be permitted weapons that can knock out our weapons, while we are not permitted weapons of similar strength? Add to this that at contemplated rates of production, by the end of the SALT II period the Soviet Union's payload would exceed ours by a factor of 6 to 1. What happened to the Jackson Resolution of 1972 that called, the next time around, for equivalence?

"I oppose SALT II," said Dr. Brennan, "because it is *bad* arms control. I judge that SALT II is more likely to increase the chance of war than to reduce it. A highly plausible means by which the United States may become involved in a war is for a prospective opponent to decide that the U.S. will not react to some move, which the opponent thereupon undertakes only to discover that the move *was* beyond the limit of our toleration. The Korean War, for example."

The prosecution rests. □

FIGHTING INFLATION ON TV

Chicago, Oct. 5—If you find yourself on the road and outside the reach of newspapers given over to substantial analysis of yesterday's news, you turn to television in the early morning; and this morning—after the Pope's arrival in Chicago was dispensed with—the highlighted news is the spectacular rise in prices. We are told that the cost of finished goods is up 16 per cent, the cost of food up 21 per cent, the cost of fuel up 81 per cent. "But wait—" says David Hartman, the genial host of ABC's *Good Morning America*—in a few minutes the program would present Alfred Kahn, the Administration's chief inflation fighter.

One awaits, eagerly. Alfred Kahn, for one thing, is a pleasing theatrical personality, throbbing with energy, hugely resourceful in his syntax and vivid in his imagery. Moreover, unlike most economists, he speaks and writes in English. The remarkable thing is that this has not got him into trouble in his profession. At Cornell, where he taught before going to Washington to straighten out the airline industry (he introduced deregulation), he was listened to. In part, as I say, because he eschewed jargon, in part because he had something to say.

Accordingly, one waited . . . the weather (rain in the East) . . . sports (the Pittsburgh Pirates would win the league championship if they beat somebody this afternoon) . . . the Pope again . . . Jack Anderson telling us that Carter would announce formally for renomination on December 4 . . . and, finally, at 7:47 A.M., Alfred Kahn.

He's wearing a mustache, and we comment on this ("I felt I had to do something creative," he beams).

Q: Well, what about it, Mr. Kahn?

A: Well, it's pretty bad, all right. But the real problem is the high cost of energy, and there isn't much we can do about that. It is adding four to five points to the cost of living [previous estimates, 2.5 points. No mention that Japan, Germany, Switz-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erland import all their fuel and suffer practically not at all from inflation]. No doubt about it, we're living above our means, but it's going to take a long time Our shocking rate of productivity is a problem—

Q: Wait a minute [Kahn is interrupted by the Washington-based interlocutor]. What about food prices? Farmers are getting less, the consumer is paying more. Doesn't that mean a gouge by the middleman?

Kahn says he and Carter brought in the middlemen and jawboned them months ago, and as a matter of fact, in the past four months, food prices at the retail level have *not* gone up (a contradiction of the new figures).

Q: Well, what can the government do?

A: It's going to be a long haul. We've got a good agreement going with the AFL-CIO. But there is considerable appreciation if we have to move toward a balanced budget—

Q: In fact [another interruption], aren't there signs that the American people are planning on inflation, spending freely to avoid higher prices later?

"I'm sorry, the time is up." (The time is now 7:53.) "Always a pleasure, Mr. Kahn. Stay tuned on how to fix a leaky faucet."

There are three minutes of advertising, mostly expensive new cars. And then someone comes in to operate on a leaky faucet. Turn off the water valve. Tape the nut at the top of the faucet's base, to protect the chrome. With a wrench, loosen the nut by turning counter-clockwise until the unit lifts up. Unscrew the handle, and behold a leaky washer. Loosen the screw (with a Phillips screwdriver). Remove the offending washer, and replace it with a new one. Screw back, handle back, base back, turn wrench, remove tape, turn on water valve, open the faucet, let there be no leak!

ALL OF that took only a few minutes, just a little less than the length of Mr. Kahn's appearance. The morning television shows proceed at breakneck speed. The attention span of the viewer is held to stretch to six minutes, maximum. If the preliminary news lead announced the probability that the President would declare war in his evening address to the nation, six minutes would be devoted to the subject. Because, you see, the real enemy is the viewer's twitchy finger. He might, if he gets bored (minute number seven), turn to the rival NBC station where the *Today Show* is doing much the same thing. At this rate, along about 1984, they will be through with Alfred Kahn and inflation by the time he's got through talking about his mustache.

But the symbolism, however unconscious, was nice. We can fix a leaky faucet in three minutes, but in six, we are exhausted with an examination of the inscrutable causes of inflation. Mr. Kahn, if he wishes to continue his television career as an inflation fighter, will have to learn from the plumber. How might it go?

Take a President. Turn him counter-clockwise, till he vetoes 15 per cent of the money voted by Congress. Take Congress: it passes four new laws: 1) savings are no longer taxed, 2) dividends are no longer taxed, 3) depreciation schedules are cut in half, 4) sunset legislation on the regulatory legislation goes into effect.

Then, beaming, Mr. Kahn opens the valve and: Presto! No more inflation!

It's always a pleasure, Mr. Kahn. Come back again soon. □

THE POPE AS ECONOMIST

New York, Oct. 8—So much that the Pope said in America was so grand and magnanimous that writers fear it is to cavil to excerpt a random sentence or thought and subject it to scrutiny. The editor of *America* magazine heatedly rejected a criticism of the Pope based on his views on contraception by pointing out that he had devoted exactly six words to the subject "out of the tens and tens of thousands he spoke during those six days."

Ah, but the world doesn't work that way. Barry Goldwater, running for President, made a single remark about moderation in pursuit of freedom being no virtue, and he never heard the end of it. The fact of it is that Pope John Paul did use certain constructions in his references to the rich and the poor—people and nations—whose rhythms and inflections are, in the current scene, ideologically tendentious. The Pope permitted himself to be taken for an egalitarian, perhaps even on the socialist model.

Professor Michael Novak, in his syndicated column, has remarked that "the Pope's theories about economics were particularly weak," going on to give the reasons why. Confronted with that statement, Father O'Hare of *America* snapped that Michael Novak was a sociologist not an economist, though he mistook himself as such "in his self-anointed role for the American Enterprise Institute." The crack is worth reporting in that it reveals how bitterly, and indeed uncharitably, some churchmen react to criticisms of the Pope when the Pope is saying what they want him to say. Novak, of course, is well educated in virtually everything. It is true that his views have changed since the days he worked for the election of George McGovern, but they had changed substantially before he joined the AEI, and it was not a part of the Pope's message to doubt the integrity of scholars whose views change as they mature, a process that, alas, is not universal.

So what did the Pope say? At the UN, he said that "disturbing factors are frequently present in the form of the frightful disparities between excessively rich individuals and groups on the one hand, and on the other hand the majority made up of the poor. . . . This must also be said with even greater insistence with regard to the abyss separating countries and regions of the earth. This [the cure] requires above all else a unity inspired by an authentic perspective of peace."

It is certainly true that if the world were not spending $600 billion per year on arms there would be more schoolhouses built, more irrigation projects, and more medical schools. But no observer of the postwar scene who resides this side of the fever swamps of revisionism can hold the United States responsible for those arms. It was we who initiated a proposal that all atomic weapons be tossed into the sea. That was in 1946.

THE MOST POINTED reference to the United States was made at Yankee Stadium: "The poor of the U.S. and of the world are your brothers and sisters in Christ. You must never be content to leave them just the crumbs from the feast. You must take of your substance, and not just of your abundance, in order to help them. And you must treat them like guests at your family table."

Last year, the United States gave away $8 billion in foreign aid, most of it non-military. In the twenty years after 1946, we gave away $200 billion, 60 per cent in non-military aid. Within the United States, during the last fiscal year we spent $248 billion on welfare.

Now the giving of more than we now give raises an interesting technical question, namely: How? As matters stand, our profligacy has led us to an international humiliation of the dollar the effects of which might be a world recession, an intensification on a disastrous scale of world misery. Our "substance," properly understood, is our know-how: the *means* by which people are brought up from poverty. This we have sought, with varying success, to export since the days of President Truman and Point IV. Unhappily, the Pope's large-heartedness, unattached to a specific knowledge of the manipulability of some of his homilies, could have the paradoxical effect of worsening, rather than bettering, the lot of the poor with whom he so clearly identifies himself. It is the grave responsibility of non-ideological students of the economy to take the Pope's sentiments and strain them through what we know about practical means of alleviating poverty. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Pertaining to conventional usage (adv.) — 3 44 54 74 85 26 13 95 113 142 / 11

B. Village in Netherlands where a treaty was signed, 1697 — 66 22 154 53 6 35 140

C. To burst — 87 29 15 1 137 112 41

D. One of the occupational hazards for a housewife — 23 2 31 58 98 120 56 124 128 135 / 14 38

E. A couple of canines — 91 67 134 79 114 8 83 149

F. What the United States Capitol has — 103 61 155 129 147 122 48

G. Natural weapons that can injure people, with the evidence disappearing — 108 60 68 78 84 34 72

H. An American language — 127 119 100 159 123 52 144

I. *Phaseolus lunatus* — 7 37 57 63 75 99 90 4 12 25

J. Without direction or stability — 139 132 117 89 76 104

K. To send out small particles or drops — 145 18 71 93 110 118 9

L. Foolhardiness — 148 141 40 106 153 146 10 94

M. Derived by reasoning — 152 121 86 39 16 92 150 97

N. To pay — 158 62 69 19

O. A type of windstorm — 21 24 64 96 36 49 55

P. The bill of fare in a British restaurant — 27 143 20 30 115 151

Q. A big league catcher, 1928-1947, except 1945 — 43 28 47 109 5 160 105

R. A specimen — 50 107 65 133 101 88 131

S. Engaging — 51 116 45 82 33 157 111

T. To undertake — 77 32 80 102 138 156 126

U. An English physicist and inventor (1802-1875) — 70 81 59 125 73 130 136 17 42 46

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1450 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 D	3 A	4 I		5 Q	6 B	7 I	8 E	9 K	10 L	11 A		12 I	13 A	14 D	
15 C	16 M	17 U	18 K	19 N	20 P	21 O	22 B		23 D	24 O		25 I	26 A	27 P		28 Q	29 C
30 P	31 D	32 T		33 S	34 G	35 B	36 O	37 I	38 D	39 M		40 L	41 C	42 U		43 Q	44 A
45 S	46 U		47 Q	48 F	49 O	50 R		51 S	52 H	53 B	54 A		55 O	56 D		57 I	58 D
59 U		60 G	61 F	62 N	63 I	64 O	65 R	66 B	67 E		68 G	69 N		70 U	71 K	72 G	
73 U	74 A	75 I		76 J	77 T	78 G	79 E		80 T	81 U	82 S	83 E		84 G	85 A	86 M	87 C
	88 R	89 J	90 I	91 E	92 M	93 K	94 L		95 A	96 O	97 M		98 D	99 I	100H	101R	102T
103F	104J	105Q		106L	107R	108G	109Q	110K	111S	112C		113A	114E	115P	116S	117J	118K
119H	120D	121M	122F		123H	124D	125U	126T		127H	128D	129F	130U	131K	132J		133R
134E	135D		136U	137C		138T	139J	140B	141L		142A	143P	144H	145K		146L	147F
	148L	149E	150M		151P	152M	153L	154B	155F		156T	157S	158N	159H	160Q		

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In South Africa, your welcome is as warm as the sunshine.

And the smiles are as broad as the beaches.

Everywhere you go in South Africa, from the unforgettable game reserves to the unsurpassed mountains, you'll find warmth is a way of life.

It's a tradition on our four South African Airways 747's a week from New York. And at our low-priced luxury hotels. Fill in the coupon for details, or call your travel agent or corporate travel office.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
Where no-one's a stranger.

South African Airways
605 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
Tel. (212) 826-1245
800-223-9870 (U.S.A. EXCEPT N.Y.)
800-442-5985 (N.Y. STATE EXCLUDING NASSAU COUNTY AND LOWER WESTCHESTER)

Please send me more information on South Africa and South African Airways.

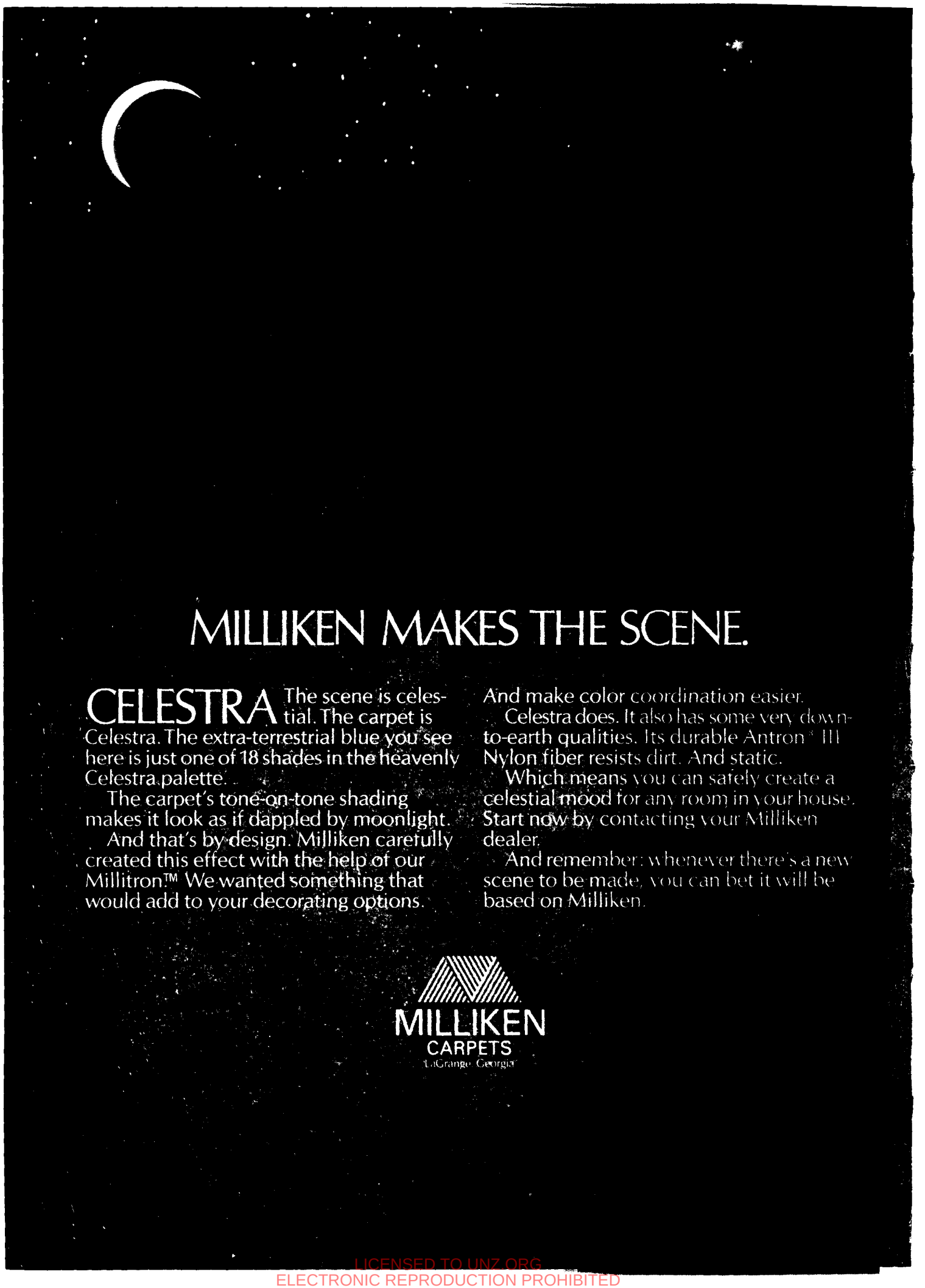
Name

Address

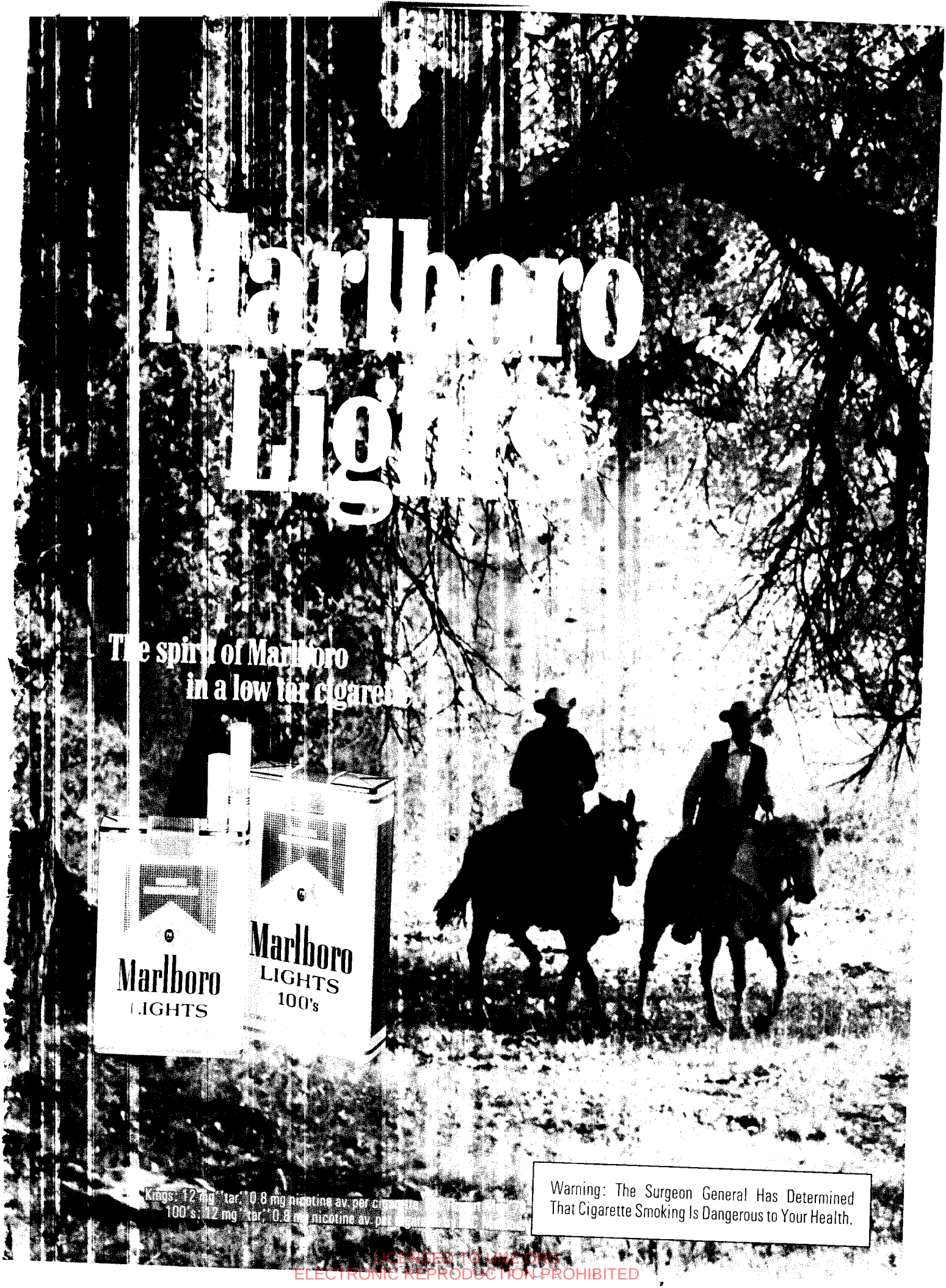
City

State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

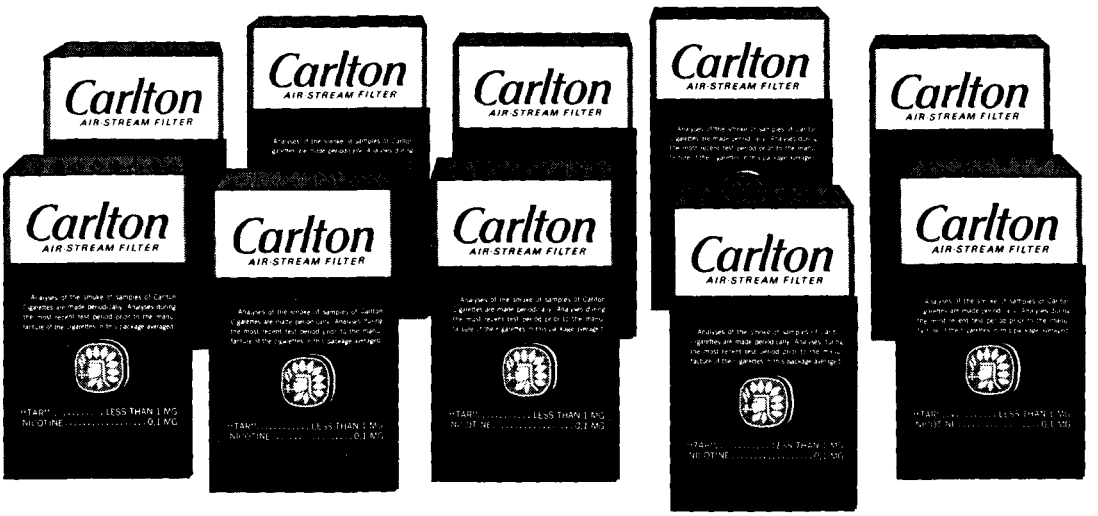

MILLIKEN MAKES THE SCENE.
CELESTRA The scene is celestial. The carpet is Celestra. The extra-terrestrial blue you see here is just one of 18 shades in the heavenly Celestra palette.
The carpet's tone-on-tone shading makes it look as if dappled by moonlight.
And that's by design. Milliken carefully created this effect with the help of our Millitron™ We wanted something that would add to your decorating options. And make color coordination easier.
Celestra does. It also has some very down-to-earth qualities. Its durable Antron® III Nylon fiber resists dirt. And static.
Which means you can safely create a celestial mood for any room in your house. Start now by contacting your Milliken dealer.
And remember: whenever there's a new scene to be made, you can bet it will be based on Milliken.
MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Marlboro
Lights
The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigaret
Marlboro
LIGHTS
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per ciga
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. Government Report:



Box or menthol:

Ten packs of Carlton

have less tar than one pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	12	0.9
Kool Milds	14	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Parliament Lights	9	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED